

CAVALCADE

1953

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How to beat Blood Pressure — page 4



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Cavalcade

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you can work with

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

There is no need to consider yourself an invalid if you have high blood pressure. Carry on with your work.

A MURDER, 32 years of age, complained to her doctor about slight troubles in seeing. She was a little tired sometimes, had occasional headaches, but on most days she felt well and had no complaints at all. She liked her work—in fact, her main worry was that the doctor might advise her not to work any more.

The doctor took her blood pressure and found it was 220 points, which was much too high.

The doctor talked the matter over with a well-known heart specialist. The two physicians were well aware that it meant a risk to let her go on working, but they decided to do just that. They advised her not to lift the patients or other heavy loads and not to carry children.

Thus happened eight years ago. The nurse is still working, she usually is well, though at times she has slight

headaches. Her blood pressure stays around 180, sometimes a little higher, at other times a little lower, not influenced by any drugs or diet or other cause.

There is always the danger of some serious change in a vital artery, but this danger was present already eight years ago—eight years of happy work, satisfied life!

The term High Blood Pressure or Hypertension, has become very popular, and a nightmare for nervous people. Many people know about the perils of arterial hypertension—not everything, of course—just enough to be terrified by their measurements.

They forget, or they don't know, that the blood pressure is only a single digit in the huge content of details the physician needs for his diagnosis. Its importance can be judged correctly only within the whole medical picture. We are told that the percentage of young and middle-aged people who have high blood pressure, is mounting steadily, particularly in connection with the hurry and hustle of modern life.

Actually, there are no reliable statistics to prove this statement. There is no real increase of diseases of heart and arteries in the age group up to fifty. High blood pressure is rare under 30 and 40, and in later years it usually is in normal limits. A real heart condition or a disease of the kidneys may produce hypertension. But high blood pressure, in such cases, is not the only sign of the physical disorder nor is it the most important.

The blood pressure is measured with an apparatus and its height is expressed in millimeters of mercury. A cuff is wrapped around the upper arm and pumped up until it shuts off

the flow of blood to the wrist artery. When the doctor releases the pressure and the first surge of blood is felt by the doctor's finger on hand (with the doctor's stethoscope), he takes his reading; this is the systolic blood pressure which shows the pressure with each systole or contraction of the heart. This is what we call blood pressure.

A second reading shows the heart's resting phase, the diastolic pressure. The latter pressure is lower.

The blood pressure may be increased by muscular strain, but the nervous system responds immediately on cessation of the effort. There is no agreement what blood pressure is normal. Dr. A. M. Moser and Dr. L. I. Dublin recently tabulated the blood pressure of 10,000 soundly healthy men and women from 15 to 65. They found an average systolic blood pressure for men of 90 was 104-110 (women 100-106); at 40 years was 110-120 in men (women 105-109), at 50 years of 115-120 (women 110-120).

These authors stated also that systolic pressure of 160 to 180 mm. of mercury are not uncommonly observed after the age of 50. Patients with such readings may be in good health, and efforts to lower the blood pressure by means of drugs or strict low sodium or low diet may be unnecessary. Any necessary treatment will be dependent on condition and function of the heart.

Employees showing high blood pressure due to changes in heart or arteries are useful in industry, according to a study by Drs. D. S. Smith and J. B. Lumb. The older people with such symptoms are, the better in the process. Employees with high blood pressure have as short a period of disability before death as the average worker.

DR. W. SCHWEINHEIMER

In a study on employment of people with high blood pressure in industry, Dr. E. W. Probst discovered some remarkable facts. The industrial performance and the accident records of people known to have high blood pressure, were compared with those of an equal number of persons employed who did not have this condition in similar work. The incidence of accidents in the group with high blood pressure was distinctly less than that in the well group.

A report on extensive health examinations by the General Motors Corporation in Detroit has recently been published by Dr. Edwin De Jongh, Medical Director of the Corporation. His observations gave evidence that high blood pressure ranked as the second most common condition among the executives of the Corporation (the most common condition was obesity).

High blood pressure was found to exist in connection with kidney conditions, heart trouble, etc., but for the largest single group was so-called essential hypertension—a group of patients who have no other known signs except high blood pressure.

Repressed or repressed emotion may cause a large rise in blood pressure. You go to the clinic for measure, get the blood pressure or to your doctor's surgery. There is a 40 per cent possibility that your blood pressure is 40 points (mm of mercury) or more lower when your blood pressure is being measured in your home by yourself than when it is measured in the surgery by your doctor. Why? Excitement and worry raise the blood pressure.

The prescription of special diets for patients with high blood pressure has been standardized by many physicians. For some time it was the

custom to restrict the protein content of the diet, particularly by restricting red meat. An abundance of protein in the diet should always be avoided, but the regular mixed type of diet, with plenty of vegetables, seeds and fruits, has hardly ever to be changed for the man with high blood pressure.

Obesity is often associated with high blood pressure, and loss of weight in such cases will relieve some symptoms such as headache or dizziness attributed to high blood pressure.

An extreme form of sodium-chloride-free diet has recently been recommended for people with high blood pressure.

The opinion that high blood pressure is connected with, or produced by, the nervousness of modern business life and working methods had the consequence—for a time, at least of laying undue stress on the necessity of a quiet life or good health.

That, however, is not the best possible method for all types of active people. If you are accustomed to steady work and an active life, you will suffer mentally as well as physically by too much rest. It is contrary to your nature.

A better organization of your daily life with some time for rest, with avoiding exaggerated hurry and unnecessary pressure, and with occasional vacations in pleasant surroundings will be helpful, but no extremes to get rid of a certain responsibility.

Dr. Karl Menninger, a leading psychiatrist, has stressed the importance: "In arterial hypertension," he says, "when there is a weakness of the arteries to the anxiety associated with emotional conflict, former prescription (prevention) of exercise and work seems to have been a step in

precisely the wrong direction."

He believes, confidently, that the death of some patients with high blood pressure has been hastened by physicians who barred them from the only available form of aggression to which they had access.

True "fear of aggression" was WORK. Useful work is no food. It is a normal, desirable condition of life.

Most people need work as they need food. Best periods when the need arises are most helpful and increase the productivity of people with high

blood pressure. Such hypertensive people should not do heavy physical work, however.

As for the use of moderate doses of alcohol and nicotine by people with high blood pressure, there are different opinions. Usually moderate doses of alcoholic beverages with their dilating effect on the blood vessels are better tolerated than smoking, which stimulates the constriction of the blood vessels. When the individual prefers and tolerates should be the ruling principle in these matters.



A MISTRESS BEHIND THE THRONE

ANNE HATWOOD

King Charles showered gifts on his mistress, Barbara.
Even after his marriage, Barbara lived in the Palace.



In 1629 a beautiful woman left London for the continent. She had as her first husband, Roger Palmer.

Roger was dastardly if not over-perceptive, and he did not know his wife's sudden desire for the gentry of the continent was really to meet her lover, the Earl of Chesterfield.

Already, despite her married name, Barbara was a discoverer of some criticism. The daughter of William Villiers, Viscount Grandison, Barbara early showed signs of developing into a true Villiers beauty.

The Palmers headed for the Netherlands where Charles II resided and waited impatiently for England to

call him to the throne. Among his surprising mistresses Barbara hoped to find the secret Chesterfield.

Before that meeting took place, Barbara's eyes fell on the handsome figure of the king, and as their eyes met, Chesterfield became an affair of the past.

Charles, whose dalliances in every corner of Europe were everyday affairs, was as badly smitten as Matthew Palmer. Their love affair, rarely serene, more often tempestuous, was to survive until Charles' death in 1685, and Barbara Villiers, unofficial wife of a nobody was to become England's First Lady.

When, on May 26, 1659, Charles go-

ward London at the bequest of his people, the Palmers were there to greet him—Roger as a dutiful royalist and Barbara as an ardent lover.

In the days that followed London eagerly awaited the King's intention to visit when they hoped to see him take up the reins of government.

It never did happen and for twenty-five years they watched their gay and handsome monarch led by the nose by one of the most fascinating courtiers ever to tread the English stage.

A few days sufficed for Charles to transform the self-styled Puritanical court into a lewdy riot. A party every afternoon and a ball every night was the order, at which Charles was observed kissing Matthew Palmer every five minutes, "unmindful of who was looking."

Palmer, still unmindful of offending to behave his wife was mistress to the king, had to admit a little uneasily when Barbara gave birth to a daughter, Anne.

Over the years another four children were to arrive, some of whom certainly Roger had the privilege to claim.

This scandalous state of affairs in newly-reformed England gave rise to a wave of gossip. So much so that Roger was forced to admit that his wife had gone awry. Charles effectively quietened his remonstrances by elevating her to the rank of laundress and Chamberlain—in other words, a courtiers' benchmark to Ireland to look after the estates involved.

Another backbit in the name of chastity, the shrew and gossipy Edmund Roke, was pacified by his promotion to the Earl of Clermont, a position from which he could control the

nation's exchequer and Great Seal.

With government so proportioned, Charles took on the more serious matter of entertaining Barbara, now the Countess of Chesterfield. He gave five nights a week to her mansion on King Street, was openly watched by the crowd who gathered to see her slither up the ivy-covered walls to enter by her window.

While the populace gaped at Barbara's devotion, others with legitimate reasons to pass, discovered the only way to reach the king's ear was to approach him through his courtiers. Thus she came into possession of such favors, which, added to the gifts Charles lavished on her, came into a respectable sum.

She persuaded Charles to give her the office of selling appointments in the Army and civil service, and when this did not yield enough for her extravagant wants, providing on him to pass grants under dubious names, the money from which she claimed. At the time, it was estimated the expensive courtiers and the taxpayers £100,000 a year to keep.

Always the leader of fashion, Barbara plastered herself with gems until she was almost from shoe buckles to diamond hair, and appeared at balls carrying something like \$20,000 worth of diamonds.

When Clermont suggested Charles contract a legal marriage, the first rift appeared between the pair. The bride selected, the Infanta Katherine de Braganza of Portugal, appeared in her miniature as a voluptuously handsome young woman. Without hesitation Charles ordered her brought to England.

Barbara's chapter in the proposed wedding turned to dust as soon as when the Infanta landed. The Portuguese was very short and dumpy,

TICK-TOCK

The defendant was warned in the dock.

As he listened to every phrase:

The case—Who owned the eight-day clock?

With the four the one who pays.

The watch set sold on a tick.

On the defendant he fixed his gaze.

He said: "The plaintiff gets the clock—

And you get the eight days!"

—AN-IAL.

with a nervous nose and protruding teeth.

Charles was agitated, but on acquaintance he discovered the little infants to be more wholesome than he had first thought, and he married her.

When, as queen, Katherine was installed in Whitehall, Barbara asked to be presented to her. The queen's poor English at first prevented her from realizing where she was meeting—when full recognition dawned on her that she had met the ladies-in-waiting of Catherine, she collapsed in a nervous fit and had to be carried to her room.

Barbara chose to believe the queen had flung to insult her, and promptly had hysterics. Between the two, dubbed Charles, completely unnerved at the sight of his women.

Barbara blamed the king for transferring his affection to such an unprepossessing creature. The nucleus of her storming was a request to be made a Lady of the Bedchamber,

which Charles immediately granted in the name of peace.

Briefly quiet resigned in the palace, with the young queen submitting to the indignity of Barbara living under her own roof.

Her affections lighted by what she preferred to call Charles' duplicity, Barbara began to seek new loves while still maintaining her hold on the king.

Admirers were there in plenty, for her notoriety had made her the most desirable woman in London. The young, handsome and wealthy were to be had by the basket but Barbara dismissed them. She considered a fitting rebuke to the monarch would be to consort with an ill-bred, ill-favored creature the king personally detested, one, Harry Jorjans. He has been described as having the "teeth of an African lioness with a hideously large head and little pipe-stem legs."

In retaliation Charles paid widely visits to the painted ladies of the notorious Nightingale Lane, pursuing many affairs with Letitia de Querreville, Nell Gwynne and the dancer Moll Davis.

On her side Barbara forwarded her petitions preventatively at three or four times.

In spite of these tearings Charles and Barbara continued to have stony reconciliations and periods of blighted pleasure in each other's company, until Peter Talbot, cousin to the Earl of Shrewsbury, spread a tale that Barbara was employing supernatural means to lead Charles to her.

This deadly indictment cost Talbot life-long banishment from the kingdom but the harm he did could not be undone.

Reverent in her savings from a late party, Barbara was set upon in

the park by three masked men. After a storm of abuse one man put his hand inside the carriage and whispered menacingly: "And keep it in mind, madam, that Jane Shore, whose is Edward IV, lived to perish on a dunghill scorned and abandoned by all the world!"

This only served to send Barbara weeping to Charles, to be partly appeased with morsels and gifts and the new life of Duchess of Cleveland.

At the age of forty-four Barbara was still the red-haired beauty of earlier years and her hold was never stronger on Charles, when in 1635 he collapsed and, after a short illness, died.

Within four months of his death Barbara married Major-General Rob-

ert Falding, a fifty-year-old rake. Their brief marriage ended a month later when it was discovered that Falding was already married, and Barbara had the satisfaction of having him imprisoned.

Her insatiable appetite for money and gifts left her well provided for in her old age, and she settled in Chiswick, happy in the knowledge that the children of her various alliances were established in Parliament and at Court.

Monstrously disappointed with droopy she died in 1700, her last epitaph, a quip of her own: "I hope to live fat and merry till I'm forty and die with the first wrinkle and the reputation of never having been without a lover."



A. Sharf

Hollywood's Cat Burglar

J. W. HEWING

Willard Horton stole everything he could lay his hands on—even a plane.

WHILE still a child, Willard Horton made his design for living. It was extremely simple—"If you want anything, just take it, but never work for it."

Although simple in its essentials, such a plan of existence was likely to create complications, as Horton discovered.

He was born in Gloucester City, New Jersey, U.S.A., in 1886, but before many years had passed he moved with his family to Philadelphia.

At the age of eleven, he was arrested for felonious entry and larceny. Because of his age, the charge was dropped. Two years later he was caught red-hot doing a "job" and this landed him in Glenside Reformatory for a few months before he was paroled. Less than a year later he was sent back to the reformatory for the same type of offense.

In November 1911, he was given some compulsory work in New Jersey State Reformatory for breaking, entering and stealing.

Nine months after he was released, he was given a sentence of from one to ten years in New Jersey State

Prison. He had killed some undertaker with the car he was driving and he got that sentence for manslaughter.

He was out in a year or so and up to his old tricks again. In May, 1922, a Pittsburgh court handed him a short term in an industrial reformatory in Huntington, the crime being burglary and receiving.

He next appeared in public at Florence, Arizona, in April, 1923. He drew down a year and a day, but he had other ideas and escaped on September 14.

He returned to Philadelphia, where, in April, 1925, he was given three to six years for entering with intent to steal. Now he really had time to think and do some work, for he didn't see the outside world until May 26, 1928.

He changed his tactics and did all right during 1928, so far as the law was concerned, but in January, 1929, he was picked up on a charge of aggravated assault and battery. He was paroled on Christmas Eve, 1931.

He moved a rung up the ladder and started on a job, cracking about twenty in twenty nights all over New Jersey. No chaps were left and the robbery ended as suddenly as they had begun when Horton and his accomplice moved to pasture new.

Just some months later the Philadelphia police picked up a crook named Gentry for transporting stolen cars across State lines. Gentry said that he was Horton's sidekick in the New Jersey auto-stealing.

At that moment Horton was engaged in legitimate business for a change. He was living with a woman named Charlotte and with her and her eighteen-year-old son, Robert, was managing a restaurant.

The New Jersey police gathered Horton in and locked him in the little jail at Point Pleasant. Horton broke

out on the night and went through with his definite wife and stepson.

In Florida, on the late afternoon of November 21, 1934, the body of a young girl was found near the shores of the Indian River, close to the town of Melbourne. The girl was identified as Ethel Allen, a seventeen-year-old who had been missing for three days. She had last been seen with a dark man in a Ford car with Pennsylvania number plates, leaving a party.

The man was married and lived with his wife and son. He seemed to have plenty of money and spent most of his time fishing. The man, his wife and son had watched the day Ethel's body was found. No fingerprints or clues were left in their house, but photographs of Horton were recognized. A warrant for murder was sworn out for him.

Horton made a long jump. In December, 1934, he arrived in Hollywood, California. He took the name of Ralph Graham and put on a front, renting a house on Panama Street, where he lived with his "wife" and "stepson."

By April, 1935, with Horton's funds low, he went to work again. About nine o'clock one Sunday night he drove to Mel-dun, parked his car and strolled along until he saw a likely house. He started a gun, a torch and some tools. He tried the door of the place. It seemed to be empty. He forced a French window—and when he got back to his car he carried three thousand dollars worth of jewelry! That would not be all profit, for Horton only paid his per cent of the worth of the loot.

That it was the start of a four-year headache for the Los Angeles police!

Horton's next job brought him in a ready thousand dollars worth of diamonds. And so it went on. In



September Barton called back at the first place he had robbed to see if the covers had stood up on jewelry again. They had. Barton got two rings, a bracelet and a brooch worth \$200 dollars.

On September 11 he found the house of a well-known anti-militarist to be empty. He climbed the walls, broke an upper window and left with a palimpsest in which were bonds worth 1,000,000 dollars!

But they were not negotiable. Perhaps the owner would buy them back. Barton put them aside and went on with other jobs. Later he returned them and received \$250 dollars as a reward.

Barton had worked up a new technique. He made rent of his entrance through the upper windows, using a long swordlike puff which he backed over the sill of an upper window and then climbed. He was soon dubbed 'The Phantom Burglar of Bel-Air'.

Among the victims of the Phantom were film stars Gary Cooper, Barbara Stanwyck, Ken Murray, Ann Dvorak, Alma Faye, Fred McMurray, Tyrone Power, Miriam Hopkins, the late Carole Lombard, Doris Maynard, Lili Damita, John Garfield, Lela Lee, Keith Galtier, John McCormack and Fanny Brice.

Times were hard, perhaps were without, hundreds of people questioned, detectives drove around slowly in their private cars, the personnel was constantly changed so the cat-burglar would not learn to know faces, but still the burglaries went on—did not in Bel-Air. So the police shifted into the new territory—and Barton shifted back to apartments in Bel-Air.

He moved his residence from time to time, furnishing his houses with any choice article of furniture which took

his eye when on a burglary. His most exciting and audacious feat in this line was when he backed up a truck and stole a grand piano from the home of George M. Theodor, Los Angeles Broadway proprietor.

He took burglaries to food shops likely to be emptying. At one place Barton entered, four men emerged by following him from room to room, murmuring all the time. He had to feed them from the refrigerator before he could be free of their company.

He no longer waited for the tenants to be out, often going in an upper window while the residents were downstairs. One night in July, 1935, he entered a second-floor window in the home of Frank Capra, movie director and found himself in a room where a lady was asleep in a cot. At that moment Mrs. Capra walked in the room.

Barton drew his gun and told her he would shoot if she made a sound. He said he was about to rob the house, but because of the lady he had decided against it. He then went down the back-stairs and out. Mrs. Capra supplied a description of the burglar to the police, but failed to recognize any of the photos shown her, none of which was Barton.

One night he found a woman in bed. She told him she did not go in for jewelry, but opened her fan vault. He took nothing. She asked him to have a drink, and he said he would have soft stuff. He gave her a rum he had stolen elsewhere and left.

Another night he entered a house lately occupied by Boris Hesse, but found nothing except some large cans of fish, which he loaded in his car before going to the home of Margaret O'Sullivan, who saw him prowling and rang the police.

Barton saw the police car coming and hid in an abandoned house several blocks away. Patrolmen found Barton's car behind Boris Hesse's house and kept on the on it. When the cat-burglar approached it cautiously much later, they threw their torches and guns on him and took his gun. He said he was a guard for Boris Hesse and was on the track of a burglar. He got away.

Not satisfied with his payments from the fence, he searched for another fence, but he picked on an honest man and was trapped and arrested.

There was an enormous amount of

stolen property in Barton's house, including the grand piano, a refrigerator, typewriters, water meters and properties. It was estimated that Barton stole, in his 25 burglaries, jewelry which cost \$15,000 dollars. About a third of it was never recovered.

Barton's "wife and daughter" were arrested but released. Barton, denied being concerned in the murder of Ethel Allen. He pleaded guilty to three counts of burglary, was declared an habitual criminal, and sentenced to natural life in Folsom Prison, the walls of which even a cat-burglar cannot climb.

He has a permanent job at last!





SPENCER LEEMING

'FRISCO FUGITIVE

Harry Mieggs, a fugitive from justice, accomplished one of the greatest engineering feats of the age.

"HEY, Pedro, lay off that ram. I guess we'll want all our wits, and a mighty bit of luck if we are to make Frisco in good time."

So said young American engineer and adventurer, Harry Mieggs. The year was 1880.

That sturdy craft, loaded to the last square inch with cargo collected from the Eastern States of South America, had already rounded Cape Horn, and a fair breeze was blow-

ing there, racing them along with it. Looking northward at the seemingly boundless Pacific Ocean which Norte de Surton called The Southern Sea, Harry had good in his heart—not the greed of a sailor, but a certain urge which beggled him towards high adventure in which the risks were many and the prizes good.

He knew that every bit of his cargo would be matched up eagerly by the gold diggers round San Francisco,

and he had persuaded in his mind that he would make them pay through the nose for it. Most of these gold-grubbers would be able to afford good prices, he thought.

They made a fair journey through the stormy tropics, across the Equator—and then, at last, to and through the Golden Gate.

Having found a suitable berth, Harry Mieggs unloaded his cargo bit by bit, and sold it by auction to the highest bidder. . . .

He made a small fortune out of that deal.

His gambler's instincts then turned him to other and supper ventures. Prices in those days was easy prey for men who were prepared to take risks—and one of them was Henry Mieggs.

For a time the gambler had the luck of a Mule. Nothing could go wrong. It seemed that he was on the highway to fabulous wealth.

Then, as events always happen in the end, the wheel of Fortune turned against him. His gambler's high claims were worse than unattainable. He lost every dollar that he had gained.

With not a dime in his pocket, or in the bank, he descended to foraging financial documents, in the hope of retrieving his losses. The jobs were clerical ones, but were by no means foolproof. Some clever brains in Frisco began to get suspicious to the point of taking drastic action.

Henry heard about this, and he thought it was time to kick Frisco's dust from his well-worn heels, and disappear into the West.

For six months he travelled incognito across the Mass area, from one Pacific island to another, making his tracks as a sailor, bookbinder, beggar. That was in 1878.

Eventually Henry Mieggs landed at Talcahuano in the south of Chile on a desperate plight. The first thing he did was to tell his watch in the town, to get somewhere to live on for a few days.

Very soon he began to hear people talking. Language difficulties prevented him from understanding all that they said, but he gathered enough to put him on the alert.

So, they weren't hunting for Henry Mieggs. The talk was about the country's failure to complete its railway between Valparaiso and Santiago. Contracts had been broken, and there had been financial failures and gross incompetence, with the result that the line had been laid only half way. Henry gathered that the Chilean Government were very worried about it.

Being an engineer, Henry Mieggs thought that in this failure he saw a new chance for himself.

Promptly, and with undeniable confidence in himself, he offered his services to the Chilean Government, and somewhat to his surprise found a ready acceptance.

The Frisco fugitive recruited skilled artisans and a large labour force of his own choosing, directed the operation with consummate skill and indefatigable persistence, and made a first-class job of the railway completion.

Don Enriquez, as he called himself, was well paid and most generously fielded for his magnificent feat. To the Chilean people he became a hero, because they knew that the job lay up at Valparaiso and Santiago by rail, after so long a failure to do so, would make all the difference to Chile's prosperity, comfort and development, as it certainly did.

When the job was finished, Don

IN an examination, a question read: "What steps would you take in determining the height of a building, using an untried barometer?" One student thought hard over this one for a while, then he wrote, "I would lower the barometer by a string, then I would measure the string."

Enrique staged an elaborate fagging to which all the important people in Chile were invited. There he received the Minister of the Archbishop, the chiefs of the Government of Chile, and the congratulations of the American Ambassadors.

Henry smiled inwardly when his country's representative in Chile praised the untroubled Prince under who had bailed from the law because of his forgery and debts.

With part of the handsome proceeds from the railway job, Don Enrique built himself a splendid mansion in Santiago which he called "a palace," where hospitality knew no bounds. His baroque was Lucullan in their richness and splendor.

Years passed, then one morning in the year 1888, Don Enrique summoned his secretary, and told him that he had arranged to go to Lima, the capital city of Peru.

The choice of Lima and Peru was not fortuitous. Henry Meigs had

heard of the Chan dynasty, the Incas Empire, and El Dorado. Gold! The mere word distracted him, as it had done in San Francisco.

And so began the greatest adventure of this extraordinary Yankee's chequered career, something that was to make history in the annals of the Iron Age.

Meigs made some rough surveys around Lima, and then approached the Peruvian Government with a proposal to build a central railway along Callao and Lima across the apparently insurmountable Andes to the central hubland of Peru. He was able to furnish credence regarding his fine work in Chile.

"Wonderful, sure, and something that we need badly—but impossible, quite impossible. You cannot know the Andes," the Government spokesman replied, with a significant gesture.

To Henry Meigs nothing was impossible. The greater the challenge, the better he liked it. "I can do it," he said. Finally his blarneyments and past record for railway construction persuaded the Government that he could and would do the job successfully.

Finance, materials, labour and power were obtained, and in 1879 he commenced his Herculean engineering task of building the Central Railway through the Andes. Santiago, his "palace," and his many Chilean friends were left behind, apparently quite forgotten.

The first portion of this Peruvian railroad was built across the western and central Cordillera to Oroya, 12,120 feet above sea level, and a distance of 134 miles. Then came the job of threading it through the intricate gorges of the Andes, along edges of precipitous and ever deep chasms.

The small army of workmen had to tunnel through the Andes at a height of 12,615 feet, build sixty-two other tunnels, and a bridge resting on three piers made of hollow wrought-iron, which spanned a chasm 899 feet wide. Gradients were 4 per cent, and in the mountains 3 per cent. There were twenty-one up-steps.

Henry Meigs designed, inspired and directed all these works, undertaken in the tropical heat of the valleys and the bitter cold of the snow-capped mountains.

He allowed himself to be called by his real name there, thinking probably that time had blown the cobwebs of stardom away.

His courage and skill had the Peruvian headlines, and was the talk of everyone in Peru. Nor had Chile forgotten him. The unswerving king of two countries went back occasionally to Santiago, stretched and well loved.

It is axiomatic that men, like dogs, do not change their spots. Still the Prince figure could not stand his natural tendency towards extravagance and recklessness. He lived like a prince, and was generous to a remarkable degree, with a particular penchant for their down and out, as he had been. Many a poor man, woman and child owed much to his generosity.

Henry Meigs made life a gamble right to his end. He made more and got more money—and spent it. Constantly he was in and out of financial difficulties. He died suddenly, away from his native country, with a packed life behind him, and no recommendations. There were no "if only's" about him.

Apart from his two great constructional railway works, Henry Meigs

did not pass forever from the human scene without some permanent remembrance to him.

Towering above his Central Peruvian Railway is a snow-capped peak, over 18,000 feet above the surface of the rolling Pacific. It stands behind the town of Tarma, and is called "Monte Meigs." It will remain as named until the creek of doom.

"Monte Meigs" is symbolic of the man. It rises high above the valleys below, a tower of strength, unperturbed by descending snows, or air-circulating catastrophe.

The other memorial to this extraordinary American has been prescribed by a Chilean writer named Vicente Mackenna, who wrote of Don Enrique: "He was a typical Yankee, capable of any degree of any generosity, of any absorption, in his hunt for work and fortune."





SLAUGHTERED

ATHOL YERMANIS

BY SIOUX

Men were slaughtered by the Indians and women were used as playthings.

THEY found Wilmer Eldridge lying naked on the bank in White River Agency, his head blown to pieces by an Indian rifle shot from behind. The soldiers who came on him on that lonely Colorado road in 1876 buried him roughly and rode on to the destination they knew was in the direction they knew was in the front of them — a scene of Indian treachery and massacre that was nearly the last of the war against

settlers in the newly United States frontier outposts.

White River, a few hundred headsmen which on September 29 were smoking ruins, was the Government headquarters to a big Indian reservation which provided living space for the Indians driven off their hunting grounds by the spreading white settlers.

Mr. Moskeo, the Government Agent,

was trying to induce the tough whites and Utes to settle peacefully and to hunt and till the land. He had little success. The Indians hated the upright soldiers, knowing he believed in hard work; the tribes could see no reason for a white to tell them how to live their lives.

Moskeo, determined to teach them agriculture, set his men to ploughing some ground. The chiefs from three tribes with headquarters round the station told him to stop . . . and stand ready with their warriors huddled round the ploughmen.

Later, under his own roof, Moskeo had a row with one of the Indians who had half-heartedly tried farming. The savage beat up the white and drove him into the yard.

The postman was threatening, so Moskeo sent a telegram to Washington asking for army protection. A strong force set out at once from a post down the Snake River.

The news leaked out and travelled through the dense mountains along the grape vine back to the tribes. They indignantly accepted Moskeo. No matter what the white said, they told him, no soldiers were to come onto their land. Moskeo waited in vain, for there was no sign or suggestion of immediate treachery.

On September 31 Major Thornborough arrived at the edge of the reservation, 20 miles away. He sent a message by fast messenger down the densely wooded trail to Moskeo, with the news that a party of Indians had stopped them and demanded that only Thornborough and four others should venture farther. What should he do?

The message reached Moskeo safely, but meanwhile Thornborough moved his detachment up another 21 miles. The Indians waited treacherously,

although no treachery was intended.

On September 30 Moskeo sent Wilmer Eldridge up-stream with a message to Thornborough. He had reconsidered his decision and told Thornborough to camp his army and come on with a few of his officers.

A few miles away from White River, Eldridge's two Indian escorts shot him through the head and arm, of back.

Then, as the army rode on slowly through an overhanging canyon 25 miles away, the Indians swept down at the attack from the surrounding cliffs. A hail of bullets and arrows swept into the soldiers before they had time to drop far cover behind heavily thrown up barricades.

In a closely-fanned circle the soldiers fought off the attack, digging trenches as they did so. Then the Indians fired the dry grass and brush, and the flames roared through the ranks of the defenders.

They fought out the flames without losing a man, beating the fire with axes and blankets. When the smoke had cleared they saw that the brush was burnt close and that the savages could no longer ride in close under cover. It saved their lives for the soldiers dug in and hung on until relief came.

Major Thornborough had fallen in the first onslaught, along with thirteen of his men. Captain Payne took over and prepared for a long siege.

The news of the ambush was carried down Milk Creek by Indian messengers to the waiting tribes. When it was received they stealthily prepared for the massacre, while the unsuspecting Moskeo thought his messenger was on his way to meet the attacking soldiers.

In the afternoon, all was martial round the settlement. Mrs. Moskeo,

WHY IS IT THAT . . .

When women walk along a floor,
They shake the place from door to door?
And when walking along the street
They're heavy enough for a Navy Fleet?
While men, much heavier in frame,
Make little or no noise on the same.
When women run, they look, they know —
(To go forward, if you please!)
They move their feet in circular motion.
Why? I haven't a notion.
The office is held against the side,
The forearm swings in and out like the tide.
Why don't they swing the arm forward and back?
They just don't seem to have the knack.
Whomans certainly are funny critters.
Yet, because of them, men go to battle.
Life definitely does not make sense,
Perhaps it's the men who are so dense!

—RAY-AM

her daughter Joie and Mrs. Price were working round the house. Mrs. Price's husband and two Indians were cooking a new building. Mosker and Post were in the storehouse.

From out of the scrub near the river scolded the two Indians who had murdered Mosker's messenger.

Towards the settlement they were joined by twenty or so armed warriors, and together they swept up on the powerful buildings. In a second all was confusion.

Thompson fell dead from the roof of the new building, a bullet through the back. Price was slain before he could move and Dwyer, working on the ground, ran with a wounded leg for the shelter of Mosker's house.

Inside, Mrs. Price grabbed up her shield and handed a rifle to Dwyer as he limped in the door. He saw something moving at the window and

fired point-blank. He fatally wounded a Chief's brother and it aroused the savages to frenzy.

One by one, the whites working round the settlement were dragged out and slain. The buildings were looted and fired.

In the confusion, while the Indians were sacking their house, Frank Dwyer, Mrs. Mosker, her daughter, and Mrs. Price, decided to run. They crept out and were halfway through a ploughed paddock before they were spotted. They ran for their lives with bullets whistling past them. Dwyer got away, but the Indians rounded up the three women and dragged them back to the centre of the village.

"You're going to burn me," snarled Mrs. Mosker.

"No burn, white square," grunted the Indian. There was no mistaking

the other suggestion in his voice. "Burn like them!"

Each woman had a captor, according to native practice. Mrs. Price was held by Ahu-a-ta-pa-ah, whose savage expression squashed any honour about his name. Mrs. Mosker's pretty daughter was held by Pomahe, a young Ute.

The blood-soaked tribe moved away twelve miles into the safety of the bush. Later, after hours of drinking, they cleaned their guns. The captors returned and took the white women as squaws. Mrs. Mosker fared worst of all. She was shared with Johnson, the Indian who had burned near Mosker's home.

Washington, by Mosker's silence and through the grapevine, soon learned of the disaster. A relieving detachment was dispatched. Her commander, Colonel Morris, found the original report, betrayed and ill man too, but still holding out on the trail to White River. The reinforcements quickly routed the tribe.

The soldiers upped the long string of clattering cavalry horses along the silent road. Carl Goldstein, a supply carrier, was found six miles away from White River, shot through the head and thrown down a gulch. A hundred yards away lay the mangled and mutilated body of his officer.

Farther on, in a cave by the side of the road, they found a fugitive from the station. He had been shot, had died, stumbled on Eldridge's body and taken the message, and perished as well as he found a cave. There, too weak to go any farther, he had died of his wounds.

Messenger Eldridge was next. He lay shot through the head, mangled on the dusty trail.

The station was a mauling scene

of dissolution, heavy with the smell of smoke. Wrecked and discarded plunder lay strewn through the ashes of the smoking buildings.

Washington was horrified. A Special Agent, General Charles Adams, risked his life by wandering deep into the Indian reservation with an escort of 50 Utes . . . who were just as likely to turn on him themselves. He found the dying Indian camp and after repeated demands secured the release of the white women on October 11.

The murderers were never caught, and the whites never forgave the tribes of the reservation.



the man who came to DINNER



PETER MARGULIES

Alexander Woollcott, critic, actor, writer, lecturer, radio commentator and wit, was the most hated man in America.

FOR 35 years after World War I, few people in America who knew Alexander Woollcott would have disagreed that he was the nation's most unpleasant celebrity.

Famous as a critic, writer, actor, lecturer, radio commentator and wit, and the original of the well-known play and film, "The Man Who Came to Dinner," his influence on public literary and theatrical taste was enormous.

Yet, everyone he met hated him as

a vulgar, selfish exhibitionist, who courted publicity so intensely that he cheerfully violated all social conventions.

Of him it was said that if he was found murdered the police could hold at least 1000 people as suspects.

Woollcott's blustering assaults on both men and women were notorious. "Holla, populates," was one of his favorite greetings. He could tell a titled Englishwoman, famous for her political activities, that she was "a

sapient example of what energy and no brains can do for you."

When he got tired of a person's company, he did not hesitate to inform him: "I find you are beginning to disgust me. How about getting the hell out of here?"

His insult was too rude or too foul for him. He could electrically a party by loudly proclaiming that his companion, "Lady Brackles," had the "mentality of an orang-utan." Or that "Mrs Emptyhead," near there, had "a skull full of popcorn instead of prey."

It was common for him to arrive at a function and remark "I am all the riffraff of New York is here tonight." Or to direct a member of a theatre audience to "back up his ribs" as he struggled past him to his seat.

Normally, the character of Alexander Woollcott was crusted in boyhood. Born in Red Bank, New Jersey, in 1871, his passion for self-dramatization was evident as a child.

Fred, sickly and lonely, he was closely watched in the neighborhood for the "unbearably delinquent cry" he would set up until pacified with candy.

At 11, an attack of mumps transformed him into a wallflower, magnificent failure, the best-runner of the obese community has own herculean gluttony later made him.

Woollcott's father was a well-to-do at various times a lawyer, accountant, broker and clerk—with the habit of going to bed for months at a time (two years on one occasion) when the trials of the world got too much for him.

A talent for stock-exchange speculation kept his family from starving, and also enabled his son to be sent to the small but important Manhattan

College in up-state New York in 1891.

After he graduated in 1895, Woollcott entered journalism on the staff of the New York Times at a salary of ten dollars a week. His brilliant writing soon earned him clearance to dramatic critic, in which capacity, at 24, he was earning the unprecedented figure of \$5000 dollars a year.

Known as the "vast laughing and insulting man on Broadway," his reviews, in a succession of papers, were "bitter and ruthless." Born actors and producers hated him, but they had to heed him.

In 1915 Woollcott threw up his career, enlisted in the American Expeditionary Force and sailed for France at a private in the Medical Corps. Six months later, when a surgeon at a base hospital at Senary, he was transferred to the newly-founded army paper, "Stars and Stripes," as a war correspondent.

Back in New York in 1918, Alexander Woollcott recovered the role of dramatic critic on the "World," and came to fill Bloom at something quite unique in the American scene.

Despite the hassles and humiliations he heaped upon people, Woollcott never lacked company. His New York apartment and country house on an island in a Vermont lake were always thronged with a brilliant array of famous names in literature and the theater.

If he ever found himself alone, he dispatched a sheet of urgent messages and telegrams, summoning people to his presence with the imperious command "Woollcott awaits you!"

When his birthday approached, Woollcott invariably sent out a stereotyped letter to hundreds of his acquaintances and people for whom

IN 1932 in Carlsbad, Joseph Thompson offered his wife for sale. Standing on the platform, he said, "Gentlemen, may God deliver us from troublesome wives. *Arise!* them as you would the plotter." Having thus dedicated his speech, he asked for 50 shillings for her. However he had to settle for 10/- and a Newfoundland dog.

he could perform a favour.

"Another collection in American literature is approaching," it read. "January 25 is my birthday, and I assume you will express the wave of sentiment you feel in gifts of cash or confused despatch."

For all that, a few salaried remained his friends. One was the celebrated humorist, Dorothy Parker, despite the delight he took in embarrassing her.

On one occasion, her husband, Alan Campbell, made the mistake of giving Woolcott's name as a reference when applying for a chance account at a famous New York store.

Woolcott had no compunction in writing to the store:

"Gentlemen, Mr. Alan Campbell, the present husband of Dorothy Parker, has given my name as a reference in his attempt to open an account at your store. I hope you will extend this credit to him.

"Surely Dorothy Parker's position in American letters is such as to make cherished the truly reliable which she and Alan have accom-

panied at many hotels, restaurants and department stores. What if you never get paid? Why shouldn't you stand over shares of the expense?"

Alexander Woolcott had a passion for gambling. Most of the late-war-stipends who surrounded him were crammed into high-stake games of cricbage, poker, anagrams and one-up, the last being his sole form of physical exercise.

Naturally Woolcott tried to lose. He always adamantly warned all before play commenced, "My doctor forbids me to play unless I win."

For money, Woolcott had a reputation good. Harpo Marx once called him, "Just a big dreamer with a sense of double entry."

Yet, when he lost \$50,000 dollars in the 1929 stock market crash, he could quip: "A broker is a man who runs your fortune into a chastity."

In 1928, Alexander Woolcott threw up his job as dramatic critic and entered upon an even more successful phase of his career.

During the next 15 or so years, he was to be, often simultaneously, a star on the stage, screen, radio and lecture platform, and a writer of books, plays, magazine articles and advertising copy.

All were so profitable that his income thereafter never dropped below 150,000 dollars a year and frequently reached a quarter of a million dollars.

Woolcott's entry into the theatre as a performer occurred when Moss Hart and George Kaufman wrote the play, "The Man Who Came To Dinner." The principal role, that of the polished and bearded dramatic artist, Sheridan Whiteside, was, everyone knew, a portrait of Wool-

cott. Instead of talking about a ideal suit, he began the speech by be allowed to party himself on the stage. With mischievous, they agreed, and his performance became the talk of the town.

After his success in "The Man Who Came To Dinner," Woolcott received invitations to appear in other plays and in films. Inevitably he stole the show. He was bitterly disappointed when Mandy Woolley was chosen instead of himself to play Sheridan Whiteside on the screen.

As a lecturer he soon became the highest paid in the country, despite his practice of being deliberately rude to anyone foolish enough to ask him a question, and to the unfortunate beer-worshippers who crowded round him when he had finished.

One of these unfortunate ones recalled to him, "When you were a kid in New Jersey I used to ride on your sled."

Woolcott looked him up and down and snarled: "I never owned a sled—and if I did you couldn't buy a sled."

As a book reviewer on the radio, Alexander Woolcott could make or break a new volume overnight. It is said that James Hilton's "Good-bye, Mr. Chips," was "looking around the roomiest corner" when Woolcott took a thing to it and booted it into an all-time best-seller.

His own books, particularly the anthologies of his magazine articles, "When Home Means" and "Long, Long Ago," were all successful, each selling many hundreds of thousands of copies.

When Alexander Woolcott died, following a heart attack in 1955, even his many enemies agreed that he was probably a genuine—but definitely a psychopathic one.



The End of Arguments



Do 2 and 2 always make 4?

Two and two do not always make four. Two quarts of water and two quarts of alcohol mixed make a lot less than a four-quart mixture. It is a fact. The amount of space which molecules of a liquid will occupy, depends on the tightness with which they are packed together within the liquid. When liquids whose inter-molecular forces are of different strength are mixed, the molecules of the more tightly packed variety tend to fit into the spaces between the loosely packed molecules of the other liquid. The result is similar to combining a bucket of marbles and a bucket of oranges.

What is the surface area of the Earth?

The Earth is quite a big place. Its surface area is 197 million square miles. Its core is composed mainly of iron-nickel; it weighs 65,698,000,000,000 tons. Its surface is 71 per cent water and 29 per cent land. Its highest point is Mount Everest, which has been listed as 29,028 feet and 29,343 feet (no-body is sure which is correct). The deepest point is the Mariana Trench, which goes down 35,940 feet; it is approximately 23,000 miles in circumference, which means that it spans at the rate of 1030 miles per hour. It takes 24 hours to spin right round on

its axis! On its journey around the sun, it moves forward at the rate of 1 1/2 miles per second.

What animal can beat a wildcat?

There is no animal in the world which can beat a wildcat at the same weight. Hence the expression "he can take like a wildcat" means he is unbeatable in his weight class. The wildcat is, by nature, cautious, and will often run from trouble, but he is no coward. They live on small game, rabbits and such like, but, if the mood moves them, they will attack and kill large animals like 200 pound deer.

Where are the fastest trains?

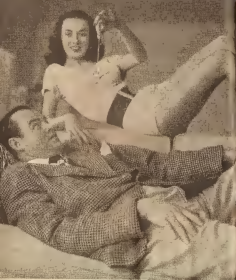
The fastest trains in the world operate in France—from Paris to the Rhine. From Paris to Dijon, a distance of 165 miles, they average 71 miles per hour. From Dijon to Lyon, a distance of 168 miles, the average drops to 72 m.p.h., while the 276 miles from Paris to Nice is covered at an average speed of 58 m.p.h. The highest speed ever obtained on rails was 120 3/4 in 1905 by the Pennsylvania Special. The distance travelled to average this speed was only three miles. Such speeds are not allowed today because of safety measures. So if you want to get there quicker, take a plane.



A Los Angeles businessman, Milton Murphy, took up hypnotism for fun. He decided to try his magnetic powers on Louise de Carlo, disguised, glamorous Hollywood starlet. In this scene he is dangling a spinning sphere in front of her eyes and murmuring soft, soothing, repetitive syllables. Louise seems suspicious as she stares at the shimmering sphere.

hypnotic influence





The scene has changed. Rollin was not very successful in his experiment, so Louise moved over, told Rollin to lie back and relax, while she read her hand at hypnosis. Rollin looks uneasy as he gazes at the glittering globe. We would be sorry, too, if our attention was held by any object other than the girl.



There certainly must be something in hypnosis. Rollin is properly under as he imagines himself a baby. Louise may hypnotize us any time she likes. But, please, Louie, do not make us seem less than our age. We want to be able to appreciate the company. Louise can sing and dance as well as look decorative.



CHILD

prodigies

Child prodigies are freaks of nature. Some have talents above those of adults. They exist in many fields—music, chess, mathematics and science.

THE Italian call them prodigiosi.

The Germans name it wunderkinder and in English they both are called wai in many prodigies. Any dictionary will elaborate on the word and you'll probably get something like this: a wonder, a marvel, a gifted person who acquires and gains authority by exceptional talents and abilities.

The Germans are particularly proud of their wunderkinder, and well they might, for in the art of music and mathematics these doesn't

seem to be any other country who has equalled their brain magnets' gifts in this field. Mozart at three was taking lessons on the harpsichord, at four was writing sonatas and four years from then was touring the principal cities of Europe giving organ, harpsichord and organ recitals. Richard Strauss wrote a polka and a song when he was six. Beethoven performed in public when he was eight and his composed works were published when he was a tender ten. Schumann, Handel, Mendelssohn were compos-

ing before they were twelve years old.

Why have parents operetta vocalists, the Madrid born, Adeline Patti must have bewitched colonial audiences in her hourglass. Patti started her public career at the age of seven in the concert halls of New York and at sixteen made her first operatic appearance at La Scala. Two years later she appeared at Covent Garden where she sang Anna in "Le Nozze di Figaro." From there, her performances in Paris, Italy and all the principal musical centers of the world constituted one long unbroken succession of triumphs.

Prodigies may be few and far between but they don't only follow a musical course. Peter Mark Naget was a scientific prodigy who at twelve was teaching himself advanced mathematics, at fourteen entered Edinburgh University and was an M.D. at sixteen. When he wasn't lecturing on anatomy or prescribing for the members of the Spanish Embassy he found time to invent a pocket chess board, a slide rule and for the Britanica, he contributed articles on anatomy, electricity, pharmacology and geometry. He also dabbled in astrology, prophecy and botany.

He commenced by listing words in the same way that botanists list plants and their families. Each word was followed by a series of synonyms, comparisons and colloquialisms. Before he died in 1885, Naget had edited twenty-eight editions of his Thesaurus, which, when it first hit the market in 1822 was regarded as unique and not likely to prove useful. It has now been published for the hundredth time and is still in demand by scholars, librarians, letter writers and crossword puzzle fans.

William Wotton was an English scholar of outstanding procedure. He entered Cambridge at his twelfth

year, took his B.A. a year later, was a master of twelve languages and became a Fellow of St. John's at nineteen. As an author Wotton is noted for his "Reflections on Ancient and Modern Literature."

Melakarta Devi is a numbers prodigy who has recently amazed a party of professors and mathematicians in America with an effortless demonstration of subtraction, multiplication and squaring of cube roots with lightning alacrity. Now twenty, Melakarta was only five when her figures ability was noticed in her native Bangalore, India.

"Pat Marjory" was the name Sir Walter Scott gave a little Scotch lass, Marjory Fleming. Born in Edinburgh in 1793, Marjory was only eight when she died but during her short life she wrote verse and kept a diary which was published and shows a remarkable maturity of observation and perception.

At six, Polish General Radewsky was giving his father an extra ride at chess and beating him easily. General moved to the States when he was nine and had no trouble in obtaining a position of army officers in simultaneous play at West Point. He never attended school till he was eleven but was master of tutoring himself Radewsky up to high school level and he went on to graduate from the University of Chicago.

General thinks nothing of taking on twenty-five opponents at once, keeps his mental fingers well oiled with rapid mental chess, that is, a move every ten seconds, and at the drop of a suggestion will take you on blindfolded. The deeper, abstruse Radewsky is now forty and well established among the dozen world's grand masters of the chess board.

Crime Capsules



DYNAMITE

The most famous riot in U.S. history occurred on May 4, 1886, in Chicago at a labor meeting. The explosion of a dynamite bomb started the riot, which resulted in 22 people being killed and about 250 being injured. Seven people were convicted of being implicated. Of the seven, four were hanged, one committed suicide in jail and two were sentenced to imprisonment for life. A 700-page book was written about this riot, which was responsible for the awful bitter hatred between capital and labor. So great was that hatred that the progress of unionism was retarded for at least a decade.

WHAT'S YOURS?

Last century in Sweden identical twins were sentenced to death for murder. At the last minute, a reprieve was granted—providing the prisoners drank themselves to death. The drinks involved were tea and coffee. One twin had to drink the tea, while the other had to down the coffee. The idea was to test which of the two drinks would kill a man first. When the twins reached 33, the tea-drinker died, so now the Swedish drink more coffee than tea.

HOPPING MAD

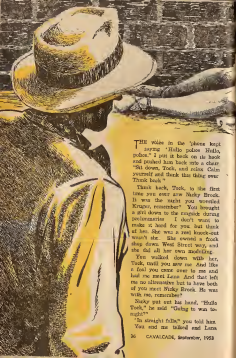
Always there have been cat men, but a stunt pulled in Philadelphia in 1905 takes some beating. A press agent of the Arch Street Museum made announcements every day in the papers that the Museum was trying to get a most famous animal, which he called the Jerry Devil. After some weeks, the agent announced that the Museum had captured the beast. Thousands flocked to see it in its cage. The Devil was a kangaroo painted with green stripes, yellow whiskers and equipped with white, stuck on for the purpose. Standing behind a curtain was a man who prodded the "beast," so that it uttered shrieks and danced wildly.

PARDON ME

During the early years of the century, the Governor of Kansas went on an inspection tour of jails. Occupying a cell in one jail was a man who had served eight years of a life sentence. On the wall of the cell was a painting of the prisoner's father. This bothered the Governor, because the man was doing time for killing his father. The Governor estimated that no man with a guilty conscience would have a portrait of his victim hanging in his view during every waking minute, so he concluded the prisoner must be innocent. He gave him a full pardon.



Study by Allen Dumas



THE wiles in the 'phone kept saying "Hello police, Hello, police." I put it back on the hook and pushed him back into a chair. "Sit down, Toek, and relax. Calm yourself and think this thing over. Think back."

Think back, Toek, to the first time you ever saw Nicky Brook. It was the night you worried Kruger, remember? You brought a girl down to the nightclub during performance. I don't want to make it hard for you, but think of her. She was a real knock-out wasn't she. She owned a frock shop down West Street way, and she did all her own modeling.

You walked down with her, Toek, until you saw me. And like a fool you came over to me and told me about Lene. And that left me no alternative but to have both of you meet Nicky Brook. He was with me, remember?

Nicky got out his hand, "Hello Toek," he said "Going to win tonight?"

"In straight talk," you told him. You and me talked and Lene



and Nicky talked. They made a bet, remember? Nicky bet you'd lose that night.

After a while you went on down to the nightclub with her and showed her to a seat. And Nicky watched her go with his hand cocked on the side. Then he looked at me and he said "Look! There's a girl I'm going to get."

Just like that, Toek. Just like that you lost your Lene. I know you'd lose her right then, because I knew Nicky Brook. What Nicky said he'd get, he got. But look at his eyes and they were cold, or death's what they thought. The trouble was, Nicky Brook never ever brought them—he just took a loan of them.

Well you won that night and Nicky lost his bet. He walked down there to her when you'd

NICKY DIDN'T BUY

WAS WATKINS • FICTION

NICKY DID NOT BUY. HE ONLY WANTED TO SUIT HIS OWN ENDS SO, IF TOEK DID MURDER NICKY, WASN'T THAT KILLING JUSTIFIED?

THE POINT OF VIEW

"What could be more sad,"
Said the teacher, Miss Brook,
"Than a man without a
country?"

Replied a woman late,
At the back of the class
"A country without a man."

—RAY-ME

before the last fall. "Sorry, I haven't got the dough right now. I'll call and say yes," he said. "Is that okay?" he asked.

"Yes," she said. "Yes, Nicky." Then she gave him the address of the frock shop and told him she lived at the back. "Any time, Nicky," she said.

The night after you'd beaten Broome, he called on Lane to pay his debt. He knocked on the door and Lane opened her parade in a late fashion, coming down and let him in.

"Well," she said. "Pay up."

He smiled and she waved her hand at him. "Wave it and sit down."

He sat down and she walked in front of him with enough money to shake off the pover. "Here's this one, Nicky."

He looked at his hand on one side.

"Come closer, Lane."

She came closer.

"Turn around now—slow."

She turned and faced him again.

"Wave," he said. "But try something fresher—it suits you better."

Lane looked down at him. Nicky

stood up and smiled at her. He reached out and put his hands on her bare arms.

They spent a nice evening that night. Had a few drinks and got to know each other. You were home nursing up that night, Toek.

"Here's this one!" Lane asked him the next night.

"Clean," said Nicky. "It's nice, but I won't buy."

Nicky smiled at her and she left her room.

It was a week before you got around to see her, Toek. She said she was sick and couldn't go out with you, remember? Nicky had been to see her several times by then. Nicky still hadn't bought. I don't reckon, even though the last time had been a better one. You believed her when she said she was sick, didn't you Toek? And why not? She looked it. Her eyes were kind of bright weren't they? Her hands were shaking when you took them in yours. You wanted to call a doctor, but she wouldn't let you. She didn't want a doctor, she said. And neither she did. She wanted Nicky Brook.

She sat him, that night again. She walked in front of him in a late fashion, coming down. But Nicky still didn't buy.

He stayed in with her that night. He had her more at his point. You know his poems, Toek. I told you he dealt in illegal stuff. Dope. He had it in several forms, but he gave Lane here through cigarettes. She craved like a baby when he left her that night.

You called on her before you went down to the gym the next day, and she told you she was going away to the country for a break. You were pleased about that, because you reckoned she needed a rest.

She didn't go. She just told you that to keep you away. She didn't want you, Toek. She only wanted Nicky. Do you know when she finally got him, the night that you wrestled Maegan.

Nicky smiled at her and she came to him that night. Nicky looked away from her and shook his head. "It's not quite fifty cents, baby. Try something else."

She turned and ran into the next room. She shut the door. Nicky lit a cigarette and waited. A minute passed and she came out again. She came to Nicky and she smiled. And Nicky said "Yes. I'll buy that one."

He never came to the club to tell me what it was he'd bought, Toek, but you can guess.

You went to see Lane the next day, thinking she might be back from the country. The manageress of the shop told you she'd left the previous night. You were a bit mystified and began enquiring. West Street knew quite a lot, didn't it? You learned that she'd gone off with a bloke named Nicky Brook.

You came to see me to find Nicky's whereabouts. You were all for going after him and taking him apart. But I talked you out of that and you went home and let go for a solid month.

Then you got over it a bit and began to live again. You figured Lane would never come back, and you did your best to forget her.

But you were wrong there, Toek. Nearly all Nicky's women came back, sooner or later. When he'd done with the loan, they came back.

Lane did. Two years later. They dug her address from the few things she had on her, and they brought her down to the frock shop for identification. Identification wasn't easy was it, Toek? She'd changed a lot.

You went down there and you stood over what was left of her. "You," you said. "That was Lane."

That was how that they found in the alley across at that gloomy area of underground den. Her back was just over that time, Toek. And Nicky hadn't bought after all.

Nicky Brook was hard to find, Toek. But the way you did it made it easier. You came into my office here on the sixth floor tonight and you stood over me. "Get Nicky Brook here," you said. "Get him or I'll break your back."

I used my 'phone and I got him here, fast.

He came in that day smiling. Then he saw you and he stopped smiling.

You walked around and stood with your back to the door. "The going to kill you, Brook," you told him.

You started towards him and he backed off. He backed until he hit the wall near the window there. He let you come on until you were close. Then he said "For enough" and tried to jerk out his gun.

Your flying tackle caught him anklehigh and he went down. You picked him up and shook him in anger. Then you just threw him out the open window there. He fell some floors. He's lying down there now at the back of this building. He's dead. Tomorrow, they'll find him. They'll come up here and ask questions. And if they ask me, I'll tell them that Nicky Brook had an accident and fell through my window.

I stood up now and pushed the 'phone towards him. "There. You've heard all about him now. I hate his guts, and I'm not sorry he's dead." I lifted the 'phone off its hook. "Now, go ahead and confess to his killing, if you're damned fool enough."

Toek was no fool.

THE ARTIST

WHEN A MAN CAME GUNNING FOR HIM, ALF KNEW WHAT TO DO. HE FELLED THE TREE JUST RIGHT. ALF WAS AN ARTIST.

IT was a big tree, as solid as they come, but no different from the others we had felled that day.

Alf and I wasted no time. With the springboards in place we cut a notch on the side the tree was to fall, the knot axes biting into the wood with precise timing. As I worked my eyes fixed to Alf, watching the smooth co-ordination of his powerful body. He was an artist, all right.

Once we started we kept going. When the scarf was deep enough I drove my axe into the trunk on the opposite side, about four inches higher than the scarf, picked up the saw and rested it on the axe head. Alf took the other handle and together we turned the teeth upwards and began to saw. The torch lit into the soft bark, then the softened and on into the heart of the tree. Sawdust split out each end of the log, flying out and our bodies moved backwards and forwards.

Then there was an endless crash. We pulled out the saw and jumped from the springboards to watch it fall.

A sigh and a crash and the tree toppled. It cut a heaving path through the air and hit the ground with a pat. The dust rose noticeably while the leaves swooped and fluttered southwards.

Alf spat the dust from his mouth, walked a few paces to the left, and eyed the fallen tree.

Then he came back and lined the jagged butt with two canisters.

"A good damn anchor cut," he said disinterestedly, though I know it was still close enough to please him.

"So what?" I said.

I hoped the criticism I felt did not appear in my voice. Nothing got under my skin more than the pride he took in his judgment. He would look around before starting on a tree, line it up with some spot like the canisters and rarely always put it right on the knothole. As for me, I was quite happy to see the damn thing lying there in its bed of broken tree ferns and saplings.

Alf straightened slowly and glanced at me, a smile on his lips. He took out the rakings and rolled himself a cigarette. There was time for that now. Later the portable saw would rip off the branches and cut the main logs into lengths for the tractor to haul to the waiting side.

"What's up, young fellow?" he asked "Got the wiles again?"

I shrugged and poked up my axe and wedges. "Let's get on with the job," I said.

Alf laughed deeply and picked up the saw and his axe and started off up the slope. I followed.

THE people of Edinburgh are very proud of the cleanliness of their city, as an American recently discovered. The Yankee was standing on a street corner waiting for a girl friend. He pulled out a packet of cigarettes, lit the last one in the packet and casually tossed the empty packet on the gutter. A Scot, walking past, stopped, picked up the screwed-up packet and said to the American, "Is this yours?" The astonished New Yorker stammered, "Yes, why?" The local said "I merely wanted to point out the fact that nobody else in this city smokes it." The Yankee took the empty packet and put it in his pocket.

And, walking that way, I was able to drop back and watch the smooth ripping muscles on his shoulders. They came and fell to the slightest movements of his arms, and when he turned they branched across his shoulders like hawked haws. The strength in those shoulders fascinated me. I creased him, a little recalling of his strength and skill.

There was no doubt that Alf belonged to the timber camp. Those shoulders were built to swing an axe and move in rhythm with the saw. I could remember many times when I stopped to rest my aching body and seek the cooling musk, and my lungs while he kept on sawing. And you could see the saw being dropped, with every stroke.

He was like the other men, rough, hard living, but with a heart as solid as the trees he felled, proud of his ability to do a neat job, an axman in his own right. Alf had never married when his wife died and now the president of his possessions was his twelve-year-old daughter, Ruth. He shared her and she gave him the love she would have shared with her mother.

"Still dressing?" he said. "One more and we'll call it a day, eh?"
"I'm willing to call it a day now," I groveled.

He placed her axe carefully against the base of a towering Kauri and rested the saw beside it. Then he slipped back and looked up. Following his gaze I saw the trunk narrowing away upwards to meet the horizon and the sky.

"See that old stump beside the track," he said. "What about that, eh?" He smiled. "That's where she'll drop."

We had the saw cut deep enough for a couple of wedges when young Harry Gibson came peering through the brush. "The brothers was so drunk and tall we couldn't see him until he broke into the little clearing, but we could hear him long before that. Alf came around the spring boards and we looked down at the log."

"It's a blake down in Puntarumon . . . lookie! for you, Alf," he giggled.

A male parrot Alf's type "Another one of those damned ugly man-eater blakes. Damned if I know how they find a man out here!"

The boy swallowed hard and his

eyes widened. "Do, Alf! It's neither one that. That blake's different. He's lookie! for you an' . . . he's got a gun."

I was watching Alf's face as the boy spoke. The smile disappeared as though the sun had suddenly gone behind a cloud and he jumped down from the overhanging.

"Did he say his name?" Alf's voice was hard as granite.

"No," Harry said. "But he looks as if he comes down the city. He was down at the pub tonight, about what he was going to do to you, Alf, and I looked . . ."

"Look?" Alf asked tensely.

"That's right, and . . ."

"About the same build as Ron here, but his dark face with a bit of gold in one cheek?"

"Yes, Alf, you must have seen him. That's him all right an' I saw the gun in his pocket in the pub. I lit out to tell you."

Alf relaxed suddenly. How a tree that's rotten inside and just holds up, "Matejingly," he breathed, and it was so low I wasn't sure that I got the name right. But I caught the bitterness in his voice.

Suddenly he swung back to point Harry. "That's the all right? Did he go to the bar?"

Harry nodded. "He seemed to know where to go. Went there first. But he didn't touch him. It's you he's after, Alf."

Alf's eyes left the village below. He took over Harry gently by the shoulders and turned him down the slope. The boy turned away, reluctantly, looking over his shoulder at intervals.

He turned slowly and looked at me, and for all he was aware I could have been one of the trees all around us, I saw the effort he made to drag

his mind back to what I had said, and caught the half-whispered, "Thank the men."

"Who is he? What's he doing out here?" I asked.

Alf lifted his lips and looked up so that I saw deep into his eyes. There was hate and bitterness and resignation, and a whole lot of other things all mixed up inside him and I could see it all in his eyes.

"He killed my wife," he said harshly.

"That?" We'd always known there was something in Alf's past he never talked about. "You mean he . . ."

He shook his head impatiently. "No, nothing like that. He turned her head with his promise and broke her heart. It went to the north and she . . . well, she died soon after — she never could believe that it made no difference between us. They'd been after Matejingly and they played a three year sentence on him. He blamed me and swore to get even. Seems he meant it." Alf took a deep breath and the muscles on his shoulders rippled. "When I came out here I thought all that was in the past."

A whole lot of feeling welled up inside me but I could think of nothing to say. "This was his battle and only he could work out a solution. I put my hand on his bare shoulder, and swore from the swinging of the axe, and felt the flesh twitch."

"Surely there's some way, Alf," I said.

He laughed then, and his laughter wasn't pleasant to listen to. "That's what I've always been thinking. I've run and dodged and made a crowd of myself for years, knowing all the time there'd have to be a reckoning some day. It might as well be this day as any other."

For a moment the significance of

THE water from across the mountain leaped on the fence watching his friend ploughing. "You could save yourself a lot of work by saying 'go up' and 'where' to that horse, instead of just tapping at those reins," he said. The ploughman stopped his brow and replied: "Yes, I know. But this son-of-a-gun lucked me six years ago and I ain't spoke to him since."

his words did not penetrate my laugh. Then understanding came.

"But, now, you won't have a chance

He swung towards me, his lips straight and thin, and I could see that I was only wanting my breath. The muscles on either side of his jaw stood out sharply and his hard hands were bunched at his sides. His eyes were narrow and hard.

"All you have to do is keep out of this and mind your own damn business," he said. "You heard Harry say he's got a gun, and he's probably drunk enough now to use it. I'll settle this once and for all—my own way." He glanced at the tree we had been working on and the truth flashed through my mind like an axe blade through bark.

"You're mad, A. I. I cried, hardly knowing what I was saying.

He took a step towards me and looked down. The muscles on the

sides of his neck worked and I shuddered. I couldn't help it.

"I tell you I'm through with all this," he said. "I'm finished. If he wants trouble, let him come and get it!"

"That's kinder?"

He smiled that hard, thin smile. "You seem to forget that this is a danger area," he said softly.

I knew that nothing would shift his nose, but I tried again. "You'll go away when he shows up, A. I. There's all the trouble in."

"You haven't been through the trouble I have," he said. "You're getting short. Better get going."

The look in A. I.'s eyes hurt me and my chest felt as tight. I thought I would stop breathing any minute. I had never seen him like this before, with his lips drawn down at the corners and strange lines about his mouth. I liked A. I. more than a lot of men I've met, in spite of the vain pride in his ability to tell a tree with mathematical precision.

As I walked away he scrambled back on to the springboards I heard him, but didn't look back. I walked down the track until I was out of his sight, then doubled back and crested through the undergrowth.

When I could see A. I. without being seen myself I settled down, my heart pounding like mad. He poked up his axe, glanced towards the track and deepened the mark a little. The tree trembled slightly, the topmost branches quivering as though stirred by a slight breeze.

He moved a little further along the springboards and stood looking up. I knew that I was watching an artist in his own element. He knew to an inch where that tree would fall, and he knew just how far he could take it so that one final stroke of his axe

would send it crashing earthwards. He gave the two wedges each a soft tap with the back of his axe and stood back to wait.

From where I was he looked minor, like any fellow in the bush taking a spell before going on with his work. But he must have been worked up inside.

Then I heard the sound that brought A. I.'s head up, nostrils wide and his breath coming through slightly parted lips. The sound was all a good distance down the track, but unmistakably the snap of gun sheaths. Somebody was coming up the track.

I watched fascinated as A. I. relaxed again, spit on his hands and rubbed them along the smooth handle of his axe. A shout bubbled up inside me but I forced it back. A strange, tense stillness seemed to settle over

the bush and I felt I would hang to shoot if something did not happen. Even the birds seemed to be waiting. Interest, just as A. I. waited and listened, held slightly on one side.

Then a twig snapped on the track close to the opening and he swung the axe. For a moment the sun flashed on steel, then the blade was lost deep in the wood. It swung clear again. An underwood swing and a huge chip flew in the air. Even with the stakes as high the artist in A. I. remained unperceived.

The big knot trembled from butt to tip, the branches swaying as the trunk moved. A. I. stopped back, watching the tree heave. His axe handle rested against the side of his leg and his shoulders open veins turned upwards.

Once by flung a quick glance over his shoulder, then his eyes went back to the tree.



THE RIGHT APPROACH

Before you study a problem—

Or conundrum of any kind—

Be like the Judge of a bye court—

And approach it with open mind.

Thus, they say, is the golden rule—

In east, west, north and south—

Unfortunately, fools there are

Who tackle the problem with open mouth.

—AN-EN

High up against the clear sky the hundredth streak again and a sharp crash came from deep inside the tree. It leaped slowly, steadily. A split radiantly shot up towards the scaly bark.

Alf lifted his eye and started to jump. He was feeling sore and I saw the look of horror come to his face. I see the broken circle until I could see the trunk.

Ruth was almost at the clearing.

Even as Alf's lips moved in what I knew must be a prayer the threads of the story stretched through my mind. Obviously would still be at the pole. Ruth, knowing this, had run to tell her father—and the tree was already on its way down, guided by the hand of an artist.

The cracking and tearing of the

strained timber increased, almost drowning the half cry, half moan that escaped from Alf's lips. He straightened, taking a deep breath, then he turned and swung his eye so that the black leg deep into the scarf of the tree.

There was nothing I could do. I crouched there in the undergrowth, my mouth hanging open foolishly. Wrens bubbled from my lips and I knew that I prayed for strength for the man on the springboards.

As the tree started its final downward rush I could see that it was the job of a perfectionist, the best job Alf had ever done. But, at its base, his shoulder struts brunched against the scaly bark and his powerful hands leaping against the scar. Alf sought to undo the work he had created.

Suddenly there was a pathing roar, rising in crescendo in a shuddering crash. Silence rushed up the valley and out the sound off while the leaves drifted and eddied on the disturbed air.

The crash of the tree snugged something inside me so that I found myself running towards the unharnessed child, gathering her up in my arms and crying so that the tears ran down my cheeks and dropped in her hair.

She tried to draw away, but I gripped her face almost roughly against my chest, picking her up and carrying her down the trunk. And the tears were still in my eyes.

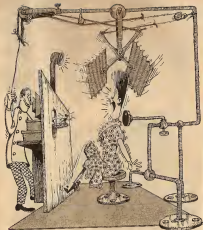
I didn't look back. I didn't have to. For the first time since I had first met him a tree did not fall within six inches of where Alf said it would.

The grim pity of it was that it had to be the best tree Alf would ever fall.



"Oh, Doctor, the patient in 302 wants to know if a shot of benzadrine would get him to the Harvard Ball tonight."

"THE PERMANENT PERMER" — by Gibson



Client or patient is lulled into a sense of false security . . . operator releases agitator through small opening . . . this agitates the victim in such a manner as to stand crowning glory on end . . . crowning glory is then squashed between two sheets of corrugated iron, thereby inflicting a very nasty drop of water.

with the aid of a small piece of ribbon many and varied are the ways in which the inflexible Countess can be damaged.



"LITTLE BOB"
SPECTACLE WIPER
When this smart apparatus is in proper focus in the victim's eyes a smart and low cost mechanical eye action.

The victim's eyes drop downward, dropping trigger over spectacle lens. The spring attached to top of head immediately releases of lens, action. It is not advisable to wear this in drinking hours.



"THE SELF LIGHTING PIPE"

No light!
No smoke!
No heat!
No smell!
Just fill the old pipe and take a long walk in the sun and let nature take its course.
In bad weather buy a box of matches and a pocket of soap. This can't have perfection ALL the time.



STRANGER

And Stranger



ARE-BORNE BICYCLES

In 1912 a bicycle manufacturer in France announced a contest for flying bicycles. Cash prizes were offered for distance traveled in the air and the race attracted 23 contestants. Nations were not allowed, but wings were attached to the bikes. Each participant had to pedal furiously until he managed to lift his machine off the ground. A large crowd turned up to see the contest, but not one seemed to become airborne, so the contest was a flop—except for the publicity gained by the manufacturer.

JACKPOT

Certain Indian tribes in the Pacific Northwest, until late last century, had a strange custom which could be introduced everywhere to the benefit of mankind. When a chief became wealthy, he would hold a large feast and give away most of his possessions. If he wanted something more, he would destroy other possessions which he did not give away. One of the largest feasts was held in 1875 by the chief of the Kwakiutl tribe. He gave away presents to all his guests, then set fire to what remained—and that was plenty. He burned seven houses, gallons of fish oil, thousands of blankets, his canoe and the clothes off his back. His name was Chief Throw Away.

BIBLES

Besides 46 known paper copies of the Gutenberg Bible, the first great book printed from movable metal type, there are three perfect vellum copies in existence, each being valued by collectors at \$450,000. They are owned by the Library of Congress in Washington, the British Museum in London, and the Bibliotheque Nationale in Paris. The one in Washington acquired in 1858, is bound in three volumes and contains 122 pages. Last year the U.S.A. issued a special 4-cent stamp commemorating the 500th anniversary of Gutenberg's printing achievement.

LIGHTS OUT

Now, you lamp-lighting connoisseurs, you can put down your brilliance a wait or two. A U.S. firm claims that it has produced the brightest light the world has yet seen. And though the device is contained in a glass-like tube no bigger than a lead-pencil, it generates about 1,000 million candle power. It will—on the inventory claim—be perfect for lighthouse, for illuminating sports scenes and for all kinds of outdoor work at night. . . . noxious in Lower! Lanes always being exempted, no doubt.



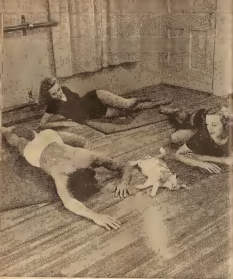
"Don't move, just stand there and let me drink you in."

with cat-like

GRACE



Bartholemäus Walter Sauer is a physical culturist who embodies the grace of a cat in his teachings. He has been working for years in Hollywood, in using the stars. At left he is demonstrating the corrective effects of exercises with a sword. These Sauer exercises with the world girls. Shows the position of posture of Western Mail, R.E.O. starlet, white Karen. Sauer holds a pose. And if you think that pose is easy, try it.



After exercises comes relaxation and what better example than the cat? Kitty is perfectly relaxed on the floor, while Saxon is demonstrating the best way of evading the female feline. If a cat can look at a king, two film stars can look at a cat—and learn much from this most graceful of all animals.

54 CAVALLCADE, September, 1938

pointers



to better health



VITAMIN VITALITY

Many athletes take vitamin B to give themselves added vigor. While this does stimulate the athlete, it is dangerous. Excessive use of thiamine hydrochloride, a component of vitamin B, can cause serious disturbances of circulation.

CLEARING CLOTS

There are several drugs which prevent blood clots from forming, but until recently there was no drug which dissolved clots after formation. Now medicine has manufactured a drug named trypsin, which is proving successful. Sometimes after surgery or childbirth, a patient suffers from a leg-vein ailment known as thrombo phlebitis. The leg becomes inflamed and swollen and incapable of supporting weight. There is also the further danger that a clot may break off and lodge in a lung causing death. But, with treatment with trypsin, patients are up and about in a few days. So far the drug has not been proved against clots in the coronary arteries of the heart, but tests are being made in this direction. If successful it will lower the death rate of society's biggest killer.

WARMING UP

Dr. Adams Payton, of Iowa, has

reported that diabetes can be diagnosed by listening with electronic stethoscope consisting of amplexon to human joints. The doctor says different diseases give off different sounds. The sounding end of the stethoscope is fitted with an amplifier and a microphone.

HEADLIGHT GLARE

Although the eyes can adapt themselves to light, it takes time—time which may mean the difference between life and death through accidents. When encountering a rapid increase in brightness, the pupil of the eye decreases its area by up to 55 per cent in three seconds. Its action is similar to drawing a curtain across a window. Behind this curtain the nerves of the retina have a chance to adapt themselves to the brighter light. The retina is better able to adapt itself than the pupil, which, at its smallest, is one-fourteenth its size at maximum expansion. The difference in brightness between a dark road and a headlight is much greater. Consequently, after passing the headlight, the pupil takes 30 seconds to return to normal, as against the three seconds it took to become accustomed to the bright light. That 30 seconds is the danger period.



KURT SINGER

THE SPY WHO CHANGED SIDES

Sybilie Delcourt was a spy for the Nazis. When caught, she told the U.S. all they wanted to know, except—

IN the dungeons of the British Secret Service, M.I. 6, the Deutsches Bureau in Paris, the CIC in Washington and in the captured papers of the Kaltenbrunner Nazi Counter Espionage office there is the full story of a modern Russian Maiden, a girl who lived dangerously, who gave her body, her freedom and her love in the bloody battle of spies.

Her name was Sybilie Delcourt. All Western intelligence offices had her picture, and had been looking for her for years. She was a handsome young woman, not quite thirty.

A United States counter intelligence team picked her up accidentally on

the night of March 13, 1945. She gave her name as Heloise Rousseville.

Though it was 3 a.m. in the morning and Heloise was terribly tired, they put her on a jeep and drove to Fortin Marek, a former diplomat. This man, who spoke eight languages, knew more Nazi tricks and intelligence approaches than anyone else in the 197th CIC detachment. He interrogated her.

His suspicions aroused, he checked his own files. He was looking for one in particular, a soldier named "Sybilie Delcourt," and this folder was for him. It was a heavy dossier, weighing many pounds, containing

many questions, facts, figures and evidence against Germany's most dangerous woman spy in the western field along the Rhine and in France, Alsace, Luxembourg and the Baltic. There was a picture of Sybilie, but it was a very old one.

Sybilie Delcourt was the most dangerous London the Rhineland had ever produced. More than that, Sybilie was the mistress, girl friend, "babushka" of Obersturmbanner of the SS Intelligence, Werner Kraemer. This man, who had been decorated by the Fuehrer for his kidnapping successes, was chief of a stenographer network and suicide squad of enemy agents. The most important market was in the west.

Fortin Marek had a hunch, that this captured Heloise Rousseville might be Kraemer's mistress, Sybilie.

For two days the CIC agents interrogated this woman. She repeated the same story over and over again and again. She had been a deported slave laborer, refugee. She hated the Nazis. They could check in Switzerland that her family still lived there. At the church there they would find her birth register. She was pro-American, why did they torture her?

They tried to bother her with food, new clothes, promises, money, distractions, but it did not work. Delcourt was stubborn and finally refused to speak at all.

Then, rather by accident, she fell for the oldest trick in the world—a routine trap. Special Agent Joseph Bauer, one of the CIC men who speaks a perfect German, was decorated with her and said, "You don't know much anyway. Now speak to me, you are nothing but one of the cheap paid agents and stool pigeons of Werner Kraemer."

Like a potted fish hurt by a her-

ron, she jumped up, flinching and angry. She yelled back, "You let this swine Liege—that is an unknown fact. Werner Kraemer—he—he loved me . . ."

Stoically Bauer said, "Then you are Sybilie Delcourt," and he took her long life out of the desk drawer. "This is what we have on you."

He opened the dossier and read to her what the charges were and what they knew about her lover, Kraemer.

Sybilie Delcourt had regained her self-control. All she had to say was: "So I lost. All right, when will you shoot me? I'm prepared to die; there was always a chance of being caught."

Moran, the perfect student of psychology, said in a fatherly voice, "No, we will not shoot you, unless you absolutely force us."

Moran asked for the Kraemer file and pointed out to Sybilie that he had all the facts on him, as well.

"You might have loved him, but we know that Kraemer is not quite the man you believe he is. He has betrayed his country to the Nazis and he has betrayed you, too. Our intelligence officers tell us he has made love to many more women than you. Even since you left, he has been seen with others. Isn't it true he chased you for this desperate mission because he wanted to get rid of you, that you were too undermining to him since he met another woman? Her name is Moran."

No question, using a torture instrument, could have hurt her more than the Jeckelway Moran plotted in her soul. Sybilie knew that Moran had spoken the truth.

There was a Moran, and Kraemer knew her.

"I hate him!" She said it very quietly; she had no tears in her eyes

but she was not for long again. Sybille Delcourt began her last confinement.

Kramer had left a whole network of agents behind her during Nazi times. They were Frenchmen, Belgians, Dutchmen, some Germans. They all had false identity papers and passports to be camouflaged for their work. They were now even inside American occupied Cologne. They had to be given orders for sabotage and get their information to Kramer. She, Sybille, was put in charge of this underground spy network.

Sybille told that she was to get from a man named Engelhard the location of the American CIC headquarters in the field and to kill him afterwards with her pistol. Then the remaining agents were to use the ammunition and the TNT in the secret depot to blow up the United States headquarters.

I was told that after eliminating Engelhard and learning the location of the United States headquarters and of troop concentrations, I was to report by flashlight signals at the river bank to the other side of the Rhine."

The following night the CIC took the women to the river bank and she climbed red houses over the river, two long, two short. Sybille gave the signals for one hour. United States soldiers were lying in ambush waiting for the landing. After an hour Sybille's light signals were answered, but nothing followed. After some time, they all returned to headquarters.

The next day the CIC officers took Sybille and drove to the Linsenger Strasse address she had remembered. A tall German opened the door. He seemed broadminded and pleasant looking when the men entered his house. But when one of the interrogators whispered to him "Wanda and Helga," the password Sybille had told the CIC, his whole attitude changed. He led them to Engelhard, but so far they had not found the secret ammunition cache.

The CIC agents arrested the tall German and Engelhard and took them both to the Linsenger Strasse headquarters.

Next day he called Sybille into his office down her prison cell and said, "You can prove now that you really work for us. Since you know every Gestapo, Maltenbrunner and Ribbentrop agent in this city of Cologne, give us their addresses and we will arrest all of them."

They started on their hunt, with Special Agent Harry King in charge. Sybille pointed out to King some of the unmarked policemen in Cologne who were secret agents and they arrested them immediately. Then she took the CIC men into the freight yards where they found an old red-motor working in a shack on a chart showing the reconstruction of German suburbs as they were planned by the United States Army. He was promptly arrested.

One after another were rounded up. There was, for example, a grocery store where the proprietor had a list of all United States trucks and vehicles which had passed by with a full communication code to be given to the Nazis. They discovered in a Church a section who had knowledge of the strength and variation of the occupation forces. A building worker was found who had wide information on the airports.

Next day Sybille and special agent Harry King registered as poor Dutch DPs who wanted to be resettled in Holland.

Here she pointed out several agents and they were arrested. But the CIC was not satisfied. Sybille was told to produce Kramer as she would be that Sybille refused.

A few days later Sybille asked to be brought before Morin again. She said she really did not know Kramer's present hide-out, but she knew where they had buried all their secret Gestapo files.

The CIC agents dressed her in an American nurse's uniform, and went with her to a factory near the Rhine and really found the official Gestapo files, with names of every member in the area, every Nazi Party member.

Even agents working behind American lines in the distance of Allied soldiers were named. The CIC found a veritable mine of other valuable secret papers in this abandoned old factory near Wackerfeld.

Thanks to this discovery about one hundred and fifty Gestapo agents and secret service men were arrested within a few days. Sybille seemed proud of her work. She had betrayed every Gestapo agent in the Reichland, but her own lover, Kramer, still could not be found.

Now the agents leading to Hitler's downfall awaited each other just Maltheuse, opposite Cologne, was taken by the Americans. There in Maltheuse CIC men rounded up two

men and a woman in a cell. Searching the cellar further they found buried, forged passports, weapons, TNT, poison, poisoned cigarettes, and Gestapo identity cards.

The woman was glad to see the Americans. She talked.

With the information gained, the CIC moved a few hours later at the suburban house near the Maltheuse woods and found a woman and a tall brutal-looking man in civilian clothes.

CIC men called Sybille into the room. She was trembling, pale.

"Who is this man?" asked King.

Sybille went closer to the man and looked at him. Then she smiled. "I don't know, I have never seen him before."

Within twenty-four hours an witness was found who named the man as Kramer. Sybille had refused to betray her former lover.

She was handed over to the Belgian Government and sentenced to death, but, at the war's end, soon after, the CIC wrote a recommendation for Morin and Sybille was released.

Evidently the Belgians were deeply impressed by the fact that a woman could so love a man at the face of death, even if that man had been faithless to her. So it was that Sybille Delcourt, the Rhine Maiden, received a second chance at life.



When Osa married Martin she embarked on a series of adventures among savages which did not end until her death.

she married ADVENTURE

JAMES HOLLIDGE



MARTIN Johnson, the proprietor of a not-too-successful picture show in Independence, Kansas, based on upon his 37-year-old wife one day in 1911 and announced: "We're going to the South Seas, Osa."

The plump, pretty, bright-eyed girl he addressed offered no objection. "All right, Martin," she said.

For the next 24 years, Osa and Martin Johnson roamed the unknown corners of the globe. They exposed

themselves to hostile savages, unbearable heat, voracious insects, grueling trails through almost impassable jungle and constant danger to film the most complete record ever made of native tribes and wild animals in their natural haunts.

They took the first pictures of the gorilla and headhunters of the wild New Hebrides, of giant gorillas and pygmies in the Belgian Congo and of unemployed African tribes and savannas.

Osa ran away from school to marry Martin Johnson when she was barely 15. Ten years her senior and an expert photographer, he had already been round the world with the best-selling novelist, Jack London, in his famous schooner, "Snark."

On his return, Martin rented a picture theatre in his home town of Independence to exhibit films he had made on the cruise. There he met Osa and three days later they eloped.

Life in Independence was too tame for Martin Johnson, so he conceived the idea of an expedition to make a film on the native races of the Pacific.

On the proceeds of the wedding presents and furniture and a loan from Martin's father, the Johnsons travelled by tramp steamer, whaler, ketch schooner and lugger to Hawaii, the Philippines and the Solomon

Islands. With their money running low, they hired of Melchior in the upper New Hebrides, supposedly peopled by slight cannibals, as wild and savage that even tough blackbirds and roustabouts left them alone.

They reached the adjacent island of Vao. There they were able to hire a canoe and five natives as crew, and soon made the crossing to Melchior.

Leaving the canoe and the scared five natives on the beach, Osa and Martin, with their camera and a quantity of trade goods as presents, struck inland.

They had no sooner entered the jungle than they were girded by headhunters and held before the ill-used chief, an ugly savage named Napiasin.

Martin friendly cracked his camera, filming the scene as Osa walked towards the chief and offered him the presents. He ignored them and grabbed her by the arm.

Osa made no resistance as Napiasin squeezed her hair and pinched her and grabbed her. She pushed the trade goods into his hands, but he still seemed dissatisfied.

Martin then slipped between them and attempted to shake hands. Angrily, Napiasin shouted an order, and his men seized both of them.

At that moment a British patrol vessel sailed into the bay. Martin pointed to it and shouted, "Men-a-war, Men-a-war!" to Napiasin, indicating that it had come on their behalf.

Theirs captives released them and disappeared into the jungle. Martin grabbed his camera in one hand and Osa, in the other. Coming down the hillside, they saw the patrol vessel turn around and drag away. The natives saw it too. With whistles of triumph, they set off after them in pursuit.

Osa and Martin, however, had a good start and reached the beach first. Their canoe was already in the water. The Vao crew pulled them aboard, and they shot away.

On the proceeds of their Pacific film, which proved a such money-maker, Osa and Martin Johnson returned to Melchior in 1917 to make a complete film record of the natives.

Adventures followed this time, their expedition consisted of three chartered schooners. When they landed on Napiasin's forbidding domain, they had 30 armed men at their back.

The cannibal king was not a fool and made no trouble. He was almost gentle and accepted his presents graciously. When Martin started to film, he appeared and stood before the camera like a Hollywood comedian.

However he was too wily to pro-

vide any evidence of savagism, which the Johnsons wanted to complete their film. A trader told them they might do better on the nearby island of Epirika Sente.

Late one night, Osa and Martin with half a dozen armed supporters landed there and struck inland. After an hour's traveling, they caught the sickly, sweet smell of roasting human flesh.

In a clearing they could see natives dancing round a fire, above which pieces of meat were grilled on long sticks.

Martin ordered a volley to be fired into the air. Then, brandishing their guns and puffing like dragons, the party rushed forward into the clearing. The natives, terror-stricken, fled for their lives.

More flames were lit, and Martin got his pictures of the human flesh. As a final proof, they fished out of the embers a charred human head with rolled leaves plugging the eye sockets. Martin wrapped it up and took it with him for later exhibition.

They returned to the United States from Melidula with another highly profitable film, but so soon as they collected their reputation, set out again for Africa.

The profits of that trip, in turn, enabled them, in 1901, to fulfil Martin's dream of great photographic exploits in Africa, which was becoming their principal field of operations.

On their first expedition from Nairobi in Kenya, they pushed north towards the Abyssinian border, crossed the grunting Kikuyu Desert and discovered a beautiful unknown lake, which they called Lake Paradise.

It lay in the centre of a large extinct volcano. Unvisited by man, for even the natives shunned utterance of it, Lake Paradise issued with scalding

life. The Johnsons, residing in this paradise, established a permanent camp on its shores, which became their home for four years.

In later expeditions, the Johnsons tramped into Tanganyika—to a 200-square-mile area known as the "Loam" Desert—to film the king of beasts, they climbed lofty, inaccessible Mt. Kenya and Mt. Kilimanjaro, and they invaded the haunts of the giant gorilla on Mt. Mfema.

So Osa and Martin Johnson continued the life of adventure they loved. Osa once said: "I was never homesick until I returned to America. Then, with the talk of war and worries of civilization, we became so depressed we had to hurry back to Africa."

In 1911, while on a lecture tour of the United States, they were passengers on a commercial steamer which crashed in California. Martin was killed, but Osa, although seriously injured, miraculously escaped.

One of the great love stories of our time was ended. Osa tried to settle down, but she felt she could never find happiness again except in Africa, along the trails she and Martin had used.

However, war intervened and postponed her plans. With peace, she spent half a million dollars on an elaborate expedition to her beloved Lake Paradise, the only real home she had ever known.

"I can hardly wait to get back," she announced. "I prefer it out there. When I fling my rifle over my shoulder and go out into the forest, I feel that everything belongs to me. I am queen of the jungle."

But without Martin it was not the same, and she soon returned to the United States. In January this year, still without a home, she died of a heart attack in a Manhattan hotel.

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S

aucy sirens



of the

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ilver screen

THIS is the year of Rita Hayworth's *Salome*; this was the year of Theda Bara's *Salome*—the glamorous Theda, the most celebrated vamp in screen history.

With Hayworth as the star, her studio made "*Salome*" the most expensive film it has yet produced (a budget listed at by 1,800,000 dollars allocated merely to advertise and promote it). Critics bewail its distortion in turning *Salome* into a pure, sweet heroine.

There was no pointed sweetness about the trailblazing Theda's *Salome*, and though she was smothered from neck to ankle in bejeweled opulence during the consummation of her Biblical scene was unadorned. Which illustrates the truth that makeup is not necessarily as enticing as the veiled body.

A name symbolic of glamour, Theda Bara came about almost by accident. A long-ago director named Frank Powell chose a girl named Theodora Guzman for a film called "*A Peal Thru War*" in 1915. Some inspiration nudged her Theda Bara, and somehow Frank Powell's chance was, she grew to a diva. She set a new vogue; she created the vampire type.

A full face, well-defined figure, heavily mascara-ringed eyes and jet

black falling below her shoulders, the woman quivered Niagara's palms on the silent era with her exotic brand of seducing moil-tipped affairs.

In the next three years Theda Bara made 40 films in a period when pictures were turned out like sausage, against a star's maybe four films a year, or fewer, today.

Those who remember the trailblazing Theda would do well perhaps to stick to memories, or to her spirited recollections. For though memory enhances her reputation, examination of photographic records shows Theda with the chalk-like face and sooty features of the distinctly orthochromatic makeup. That affected the extreme black-white contrast essential before development of more sensitive film made it possible for photography to capture a wider range of tones.

The terrible Theda married a director, Charles Brabin (later divorced), who was still making films in the 20's when she had passed her peak. But though she faded away, there are monuments to her in numerous provocative titles—"*Destruction*," "*Tor-bidden Path*," "*The Siren*," "*The Tiger Woman*," "*Gold and the Women*," "*The Sin-Dread*."

And since Hayworth carries on superbly the silent tradition that Theda Bara did so much to create, we may yet see Rita re-enact two of the thermal Theda's triumphs—"*Clay-pans*" and "*The Street Supper*."



the K.O. is a relief

Knockout blows do not hurt the boxer. In fact, a K.O. comes as a relief to a boxer who is being badly punished.

THE crowd roars as the apparently better boxer rools to the ropes. His opponent rushes forward to administer the coup de grace. Suddenly the boy on the ropes swings a punch. It connects on the opponent's head's chin and he collapses as a lump to be counted out.

It has happened many times. It happened in December, 1940, when the Australian welter champion, Ray Delaney, rolled back under a barrage

of punches down the victorious gloves of his challenger, Mickey Telis. With the crowd almost on his head, with the horizon, delirious Delaney in front of him, Telis stomped as to finish the fight. Then the befuddled champion, brought up a punch from his knees—and Mickey went down. He bounced up and staggered to the ropes, while Delaney swung drunkenly forward to continue the damage he had started. A few seconds later

the bout was over, with Delaney still the welterweight champion of Australia. And the crowd went wild.

Many times has the undaring, singeing on the brink of unconsciousness, brought victory with one punch. It is one of the things which draw fans to stadiums in thousands. The unexpected, the upset, the power of the punch.

Left hooks and right crosses cause more knockouts than any other blows. There are two reasons for this. A punch thrown through an arm, as must be done in a left hook or a cross, carries the weight of the whole body, which follows the arm, as goes with it. The second reason is that hooks and crosses are the hardest to see. A comparatively light blow will knock out a man if he fails to see it coming. Whereas, if a boxer sees a punch coming at him he automatically sticks himself to meet it, and therefore can withstand quite a punch.

Many cases can be quoted of really tough fighters who have been knocked out by cross-punch hitlers. One which springs to mind is Ron Burdette. He took hard blows from renowned hitters like Cassius Marcellus and did not stagger. Yet brilliant boxer, Archie Palmer, who scored two K.O.'s in his career, knocked Burdette as cold as yesterday's dinner. The reason? Burdette did not see the punch which dropped him.

Every fight fan has seen knockouts. Every fighter has scored one at least. Many have scored dozens—and most fighters have been knocked out. Yet how many fans or fighters know the physical reaction which causes a boxer to lose consciousness in the ring? Not many.

There are seven points on the human body where knockouts can be

administered in the boxing ring. These are: The jaw, the ear, the chin, the temple, the neck, the heart and the solar plexus. Of course a blow on the throat will cause a K.O., too, but, owing to the way a boxer holds his head and the size of the gloves, such blows are as rare as the non-existent.

A back is the only blow which can land on the jaw with sufficient force to K.O. a man. When that back lands the following reaction takes place: The upper end of the jawbone, ball and socket, is forced into the brain area. This agitates the nerves of the brain, causing confusion and astonishment. The confusion may be fleeting and the astonishment may last only a few seconds, depending on the force of the blow, the toughness of the jaw and the amount of previous punishment administered by the receiver.

The nerves are completely dazed and the recipient feels no pain until he begins to recover. Then, on returning consciousness, he finds a burning ache and throbbing of the crown. Later he has a severe headache.

Quite often the blow on the semi-circular canals of the ear, where the sense of equilibrium is housed, is directed by the back punch. This causes a temporary loss of balance and the receiver gets the "waggers".

However, the knockout does no harm to the boxer, unless he receives too many knockouts in a short time. In such a case he is headed for punch-drunkness, but in these days because who shows signs of this are not used by promoters, and eventually they return to normal.

A blow to the point of the chin (which can only be delivered by an opponent) has a similar effect to the

back blow. Such a punch throws the head, as a whole, against the back of the skull, at the occipital point. This action causes a momentary stoppage in the flow of blood to the point, and brings on temporary unconsciousness.

It causes a reaction similar to that resultant from the back blow, in which the equilibrium is thrown out of gear, resulting in loss of coordination between brain and muscles.

The most stunning effect is obtained when the jaw is not taken upon receipt of the punch. That is why most K.O.'s occur when the boxer's fighter is tired, and his mouth is open.

The hardest blow in the body, the knockout, is situated behind the ear. To deliver a knockout with a back to this point, the blow has to be extremely hard. Such a blow shakes the brain and causes the stupor. Usually a boxer, knocked out by such a punch, is on his feet in a few seconds. Sometimes he beats the ten second count, sometimes he just fails to rise before the ten seconds have elapsed. In both cases, he awakes around the ring.

One instance of this occurred in the eighth round of the thriller between Tommy Burns and Eddie Moran at Sydney Stadium in 1911. Eddie just failed to beat the "ten."

The temple punch is the most dangerous of all. The temple, being the thinnest part of the skull, cannot take such a severe blow as can the jaw or mustard bone, and a punch on this part can lead to fatal results.

Luckily, very few punches land directly on the temple, because it is protected by a protruding bone beneath it and the convex shape of the skull above it. The glove is loose and will not fit into the cavity which

houses the temple. But knockout blows were chosen for landing on the temple. So rare is this punch that there have never been any deaths from such a blow since the introduction of boxing gloves.

However, if a punch does land on the temple, the recipient's eyes will turn upward and the referee should stop the fight immediately.

A punch to the carotid artery in the neck is uncompensated by the post knockout headache. The carotid arteries (left and right) constitute the main blood supply to the head and neck, the contents of the carotid receiving their supply from the internal carotid arteries, while the structures near externally placed, such as the muscles of the face, neck, tongue and ear, are supplied by the external branches.

Hence a punch to the second steps, momentarily, the flow of blood to the head and face. It also induces sympathetic action of the vagus nerve, causing a temporary cessation of heart and breathing organs. Result is unconsciousness. It has absolutely no ill after-effects.

The sub-plexus punch, sets up an unusual reaction. The receiver sits on the floor, after in the head, in full possession of his senses, but he cannot regain the perpendicular. His legs feel paralyzed and he cannot breathe.

The loss of breath is obvious because the air supply has been cut off. But the paralysis is not so obvious, unless you know the make-up of the human body.

Briefly, the sub-plexus has located the stomach and is front of the aorta (the largest artery in the body). It is joined by the splenic and vagus nerves and gives rise to eight other plexuses, which supply

the diaphragm, anterior vena cava, esophagus, suprarenal gland, the liver, kidney, stomach, and bladder, stomach, pancreas, duodenum and spleen.

So a punch to the sub-plexus deadens the nerves in the area governed by the plexuses, causing paralysis.

The blow is the most painful that can be experienced immediately after it is struck. But there are no adverse effects upon recovery.

A delayed action effect occurs after a heart punch.

One punch over the heart will not stop a well-conditioned fighter, but repeated blows over that area throughout a contest, causes more knockouts than perhaps any other punches. But the heart punch is seldom the last blow delivered, due to the aforementioned delayed action.

The average heart beats at the rate of 72 to the minute, under normal conditions. Punches there bruise the muscles and contract the arteries, shortening the tempo of the heart-beats with every punch. As a boxer's heart beats faster while in a fight than it does normally, it can easily be understood that such contraction of the arteries slows him considerably. In ring parlance, he "beats up."

Seconds after the last heart punch is delivered the reaction sets in. The pugilist's mouth drops open and he crumples to the canvas. But before he slides down, he stops more punches. His opponent, seeing his mouth fall open, watches his attack in the head and as a few punches usually the last blow landed, conveying the impression that the boxer's boxer was knocked out by a right to the jaw, or a left hook. Actually the heart punches caused the K.O.

One punch which will not cause a direct knockout, but which can be dangerous is the punch between the eyes on the bridge of the nose. Its only immediate inconvenience is watering of the eyes and difficulty in breathing. But repeated blows there over many fights can cause double vision, because they affect the nerves behind the eyes, and the equilibrium. If a boxer begins to suffer this double vision, he should immediately retire from boxing. If he does so, the effects wear off and he becomes once again, perfectly normal.

However, like the temple blow, a punch there is extremely difficult to land. It is such a small area and it is cradled between the nose and the forehead. Actually anti-punches are more apt to be hit here than arched boxes, because they are more open to a straight right—the only punch which can land on this part with any force.

Actually a man can be killed with one blow to this point, but it is impossible to do so with the gloves on. To kill a man with a blow to that point, you have to strike him with one knuckle—sharply and accurately.



Boxing may seem dangerous. But one fight never killed a fighter, that is, not a well-conditioned boxer. Nor has one fight ever injured a boxer unless he entered the ring with a physical defect, a weak heart or suffering from mental oppression. It is the accumulation of many fights which result in injury or death. And most deaths are very, very few.

So next time you are a boxer knocked out, never feel sorry for him (unless you are sorry for his loss of pretense). The knockout comes as a relief to a boxer who is being punished.



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**KATH
RING**

MAN- BAIT!



KATH RING, IN HER SEARCH FOR JERRY DOCKENEN, FOLLOWING THE INFORMATION SHE HAD PICKED UP IN THE TOWN OF LORVEN, AND FINDS THE STEEP PATH INTO THE HILLS TO REACH

LEARNING TRUCK TOOD TO GUARD HER GAVE THE BATTLE WITH THE DIFFICULT ASCENT . . .



IN MORNEN THEY WOULD BE
A WOMAN WHOSE NAME
IT. BUT THE MAN WHO
LIVED UP THERE ANSWERED
THEY WERE NOT THE
ONE WHOSE NAME IT WAS.



REMEMBER KATH RECALLED
HOW WEALTHY OLD MAN
DOLTON ASKED HER
THE SON WHO HAD BEEN
THE LADY OF THE HOUSE
EARLIER HE HAD FEW
QUESTIONS.



THAT WAS JUST A MAN
KING. I DON'T HAVE
TO WISE.



WHAT DO YOU WANT,
SIR?



KATH AND TRUDY WERE
ON JERRY DOLTON'S
DREAMHOUSE. NOT A
LAD TO THE TRUDY
JOHN OF MORNEN.



BY NO MEANS CERTAIN
THAT THE HEART OF THE
PEAK IS THE MAN THE
WORTHY KATH RECALLED
THE END OF THE TRUDY
WHERE A BUT STAYED IN
A LITTLE CHAIRS.



THIS PLACE WENT AS
PEACEFUL AS IT LOOKS.



STARTLED, KATH RECALLED
BACK INTO THE SHADOWS
OF A TREE TRUNK AND A
BULLET STRUCK HER
BACK, SHOCKING HER
WITH SPINTERS.



KATH KING HAD BEEN
STILLING PHOTOGRAPHS
OF JERRY DOLTON'S
WORTHY KATH RECALLED
THE END OF THE TRUDY
WHERE A BUT STAYED IN
A LITTLE CHAIRS.



THE MAN WITH THE GUN
SAID TO A GUN
FROM KATH, AND SHE
LIGHTS IT FOR HIM.



KATH TELLS WHITNEY
PULLING FUNDERS WHO
SHE IS WHAT SHE
WANTS.



I WON'T DENY IT - BUT
IN THE END YOU
KNOW YOU WON'T GET
BACK NOW.



JERRY DELTON'S FINGERS BITE INTO KATH'S ARM AS HE HOLDS HER TIGHTLY, WONDERING WHAT TO DO WITH HER. (continued)



NO, KATH, HAVE YOU CERTAINLY WON'T GET BACK. --- NOW



KATH TRIES TO TELL DELTON THAT HIS FATHER HAD SENT HER TO SEARCH FOR HIM.....



YOU'RE A POLICE MAN!



HAD YOU COME IN A WAY, KATH, WOULD IT BE GOOD OF -- LONELY -- HERE.



IT DOESN'T TAKE LONG FOR KATH TO REALISE THAT DELTON IS VERY STRONG. THAT SHE IS NEARLY HELPLESS. NEARLY HELPLESS. THAT IS.....



SURPRISE AND FEAR -- SHE DELTON ATTACKS KATH.....



MOVING TO GRASP HER BY THE THROAT, DELTON'S EYES ARE FLASHING WITH ANGER.....



LIKE YOUR PRISON?



KATH REALISES THAT HER POSITION IS DESPERE. THAT DELTON IS DESPERE. AND NOW THAT HIS SECRET IS KNOWN.....



WE'LL TAKE THAT, MR DELTON!



I -- I'M SORRY -- MUST BE MAD.







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CAVALCADE, September 1953 79

A PRICE FOR FLOR

DREW HOLLAND • FICTION

YUFFA MOHl peered from the gallery, the lanterns he directed and there was no good reason why he should stay aboard, though several why he should not. The peering foot was as for lay-up crews, and all others of the crew of the "Crescent" were ashore, eating appetites lured to various businesses on the wharves of long denial.

Back to his own position, thought Yuffa. The new world go for give or scold dreams in Long Yuffa's paper-house.

"But not them for Telds or Scam," the stern, young Mahy muttered.

As Mohl knew well, the crew, Telds, and the Minutemen, Scam, who opened shell, were ready for the bonapart leaders of Flor, the white women who paid her trade for well-filled pouches among the colored crew, little suspecting the secret, but all-consuming ambition of Yuffa Mohl.

Why should they suspect? Flor's price was a pearl, and how could the greed of the crew, the Number Two Cook Bay of the Inger "Crescent," acquire that due for her freedom?

Yuffa smiled thinly. He raised his right hand to within six inches of his dilating nostrils. It was clenched tightly; he cupped the slender, ten-fingered with his left hand and pressed them open a bare inch.

Flor's price was one pearl, so Yuffa stole that price. Then came death.



It worked in the brown velvet of his jacket, a band of barely translucent—the smooth, ivory skin of the women herself and with that same slender, coral flesh that comes when blood is warm.

Scam and Telds stood beside the path along which Yuffa must pass on his way to the narrow quarter of the peering town of Telds. If they believed, it must be that they suspected that Yuffa Mohl did have the price of Flor. And there was but one way for a Number Two Cook Bay to acquire a pearl, that was by theft.

Yuffa's anxious eyes concentrated on the third man of the group, though he was dressed in civilian clothes of khaki shorts and shirt, the young Mahy, though only in his second career with the fleet, knew him to be the white policeman, Sergeant

Cresbrook. Yuffa frowned usually.

Yuffa slipped the pearl into his mouth, it was the size of a medicine pea and settled comfortably under his tongue. He stopped ashore, and in white shirt and trousers, such as a prosperous driver might wear to make a favorable impression on the first night of lay-up.

The stiffness of his walk betrayed his tension as he passed the three men. Telds' mouth widened slightly between his lips when his back was toward them.

Cresbrook looked critically over the young Mahy's attire. "Flash dresser for a Number Two Cook Bay?"

Telds glared, but Scam's eyes followed Mohl suspiciously. He was suspicious by nature, and his occupation made him more so. As shall-speak, he was in a position of trust.



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on the ladder it forced him to be for ever watchful and constantly on guard against the truck, submarines and casting of members of the crew with caution eyes for the risk prize sent up from below by Toldi.

Such prizes were not for lonely members of the crew, any more than they were for the owners, that was the prerogative of the Number One Boys of the lugger, the three, the shell-opener, the boxer, with berths for advice, distributing in value according to the standing at each, to the lesser lights of the crew.

Saupe brought his eyes away from Neil, and Toldi interrupted the faint lift of his brows. They drifted away from the policeman, to follow Yuffa to the native town Cranbrook watched them go with a puzzled frown wrinkling his forehead, they had betrayed no desire to leave until the cock boy had passed.

Yuffa dawdled slowly through Cranbourne. He stopped outside Long Wo's place, pretending to be interested in the faded and fly-specked goods displayed, but really seeking apprehensive glances along the way he had come, searching for Denis and Toldi, before he poured into the dim recesses.

Failing to sight the Number One boys, Yuffa hesitated with relief, but nervous anxiety had again when he stepped into the shop. The fat Chinese materialized so silently and so suddenly out of the shadows, that Yuffa pulsed in shock. He coughed and choked violently, choking with dismay, that the pearl was stuck in his throat, he had nearly swallowed the price of Flor. He brought it up after a hectic spasm of choking and spat it to his hand.

Long Wo's almond eyes slid down-wards, but his impetuous face be-



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small slowly past the doorway. He
glanced in with casually idle inter-
est, but he was tall, broad in the
shoulder, and clad in black shirt and
shorts. As soon as he had passed,
Long Woe dropped the pearl in the
closet, bowed head.

"No beg," he said, then he faded
into the dark recesses of his ship.
Disconcerted, Yuffe stood uncon-
sciously for a moment, then shuffled
down the ship, but gave a quick,
sudden search of the street before
stepping to it. He moved along to-
wards native town, crossing the nar-
row street, when he saw the police-
man standing in the recessed door-
way of Weng Hui's laundry.

Slithering in the entrance to the
papa-house, Smees and Toffe had
watched "A dog of a thief is Yuffe
Mohl. That night when I passed the
black pile, he makes black marks,
when I sleep, he steals a pearl."

Toffe laughed mockingly. "You
sleep from your own black mark,
Mohlman, not of the square-face,
black horse. You are drunk that
night."

Smees favoured his friend with an
injured look. "It is still our pearl."

Chesterbrook rubbed a hard finger and
thumb on a worried chin when the
two Number One boys stepped past
him, hurrying in the wake of the
shuffling Mohl.

Yuffe slipped nervously into the
public bar of the Yeeds-deaner Hotel,
the coloured man's club. It was
crowded with brown men clamouring
for grub, but, beyond it, with wide,
folding doors pushed back, was the
saloon, tacitly acknowledged as the
preserve of the Number One Boys.
In there was comparative freedom of
movement, at times, the side of the
women pressed on the side of the
crowd. Mohl eyed a way to the



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low of the hidden doors of the club. Flor was there. Tying languidly with a drink, she stood apart, as was fitting for a queen, even the white queen of the woman of Rellin. To her was the choice of drinks, but she was waiting for Toldi; Toldi was feebly generous on the first night of the lay-up and, if he did not come, she could always ha-jack her lesser sister's host.

Loose-waved hair gleamed like burnished gold, but her eyes were ice, and her lips the red of blood. She was tall and slim and long in the leg. Tuff's soft, brown eyes glared, striding the filmy garments from her slender figure to look in admiration on marbled perfection created in soft, ivory skin flushed with the pink of down, delicate, pastel cleavage as was the coral blush of Tuff's pearl lying into the palm of his clenched, brown hand.

The very intensity of his stare brought Flor's ice eyes shattering apprehensively over the young Midas. She would have dismissed him as of no consequence, but Tuff's right hand pricked significantly. It trembled, relaxing, though but momentarily; it was enough for the pearl to find reflection in the brittle glass of Flor's eyes.

Her lips parted with a smile of promise. "Buy me a drink, Midas boy."

Tuff's Midas stepped one rung further up the ladder of his ambition and, clenched tightly in his hand, was the means to make it so tall tonight. He glanced around with nervous, jerking eyes then edged closer to her, bringing up his hand so that it was covered from all others by their bodies.

Flor's skin, white, began old curiously over the clenched, brown

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she held so tenderly and greedily.
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For a moment the word glided far
Mahl's eyes only. Her eyes spoke soft
promises that her lips failed to give.

Reluctantly, apprehensively, with
anxious stare focused on her clenched,
white hand, Yuffa Mahl edged
back between the two brown men
flanking her, to move crab-wise to-
wards the folding door, then through
them and into the crowded, public
bar. He started with shock when an-
other man came into his line of
vision; it was Cranbrook, and he was
standing between the two men.

Yuffa gripped Yuffa he turned and,
sneering and waggling, wheeled a
quick way through the pack to the
front door. He darted through with
breath parting heavily and with
the scent of her making his thin
clothes cling to a damp body.

Cranbrook's painted eyes followed
Yuffa through the pack until he dis-
appeared through the doorway, then
he turned them on the three beside
the bar beside the screen. They began
to whisper and Yuffa before whis-
pering suspiciously to the Menomonee,
then hardening as they met Flare's.
He wondered uneasily if the brown
men had glimpsed the lustre of the
pearl before the happy's hand had
blinded it out.

Cranbrook shrugged. Of what use to
question the ownership of one pearl,
when dozens would obscure them
brown hands to white, or yellow, or
frilly dusky hue, before the lay-up
season ended? He moved out of the
Duke-de-mer, to the intense relief of
the proprietor and its patrons, both
coloured and white.

Yuffa's lips curled involuntarily, for
Seres, with unusual liberality, had
out-bid her for the power of Flare.
He spared the other bachelors and was

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Mohd stopped at the path leading to the bathroom. He hesitated for a moment, watching the yawning figure, then he passed nervously through the open door into the room beyond.

Yaffa stared with widened eyes at the motionless body; Sanna was a shell-shocked, and Mohd knew what the Madrassem might react exactly when he opened his eyes. "He got past."

He peeped! The price for Flor! Yaffa drove back in confusion; another died in him, but it was still his peep. He went stealthily along the road in the tracks of Sanna.

Tolda, too, had seen the shell-shocked man from the bathroom. He, too, followed, but more slowly than the young Mohd. He darted into the scrub fringing the road, when Sanna stopped suddenly at sight of a black-and-white figure passing through the dark glow of a distant light.

He darted quickly towards the fringe of the pindan, and Tolda followed cautiously, not stopping that the young Mohd stopped steadily in his tracks. Yaffa Mohd had drawn his knife, the half-mooned sharply to his palm, and the black lay flat along his forearm.

Sanna did not panic, but the instinct of the hunted was strong in him, and a precautionary glance back, as he reached the pindan, revealed Tolda to him. Sanna creased in the scrub and waited.

"He always did talk too much," he told himself.

Tolda did not talk, or scream, or groan when Sanna reared from the scrub behind him; the Madrassem, thrust truly, strongly and direct to the heart. He wrenched the knife from the quivering flesh as the body crumpled to the ground, then he stooped to plunge the blade into the

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